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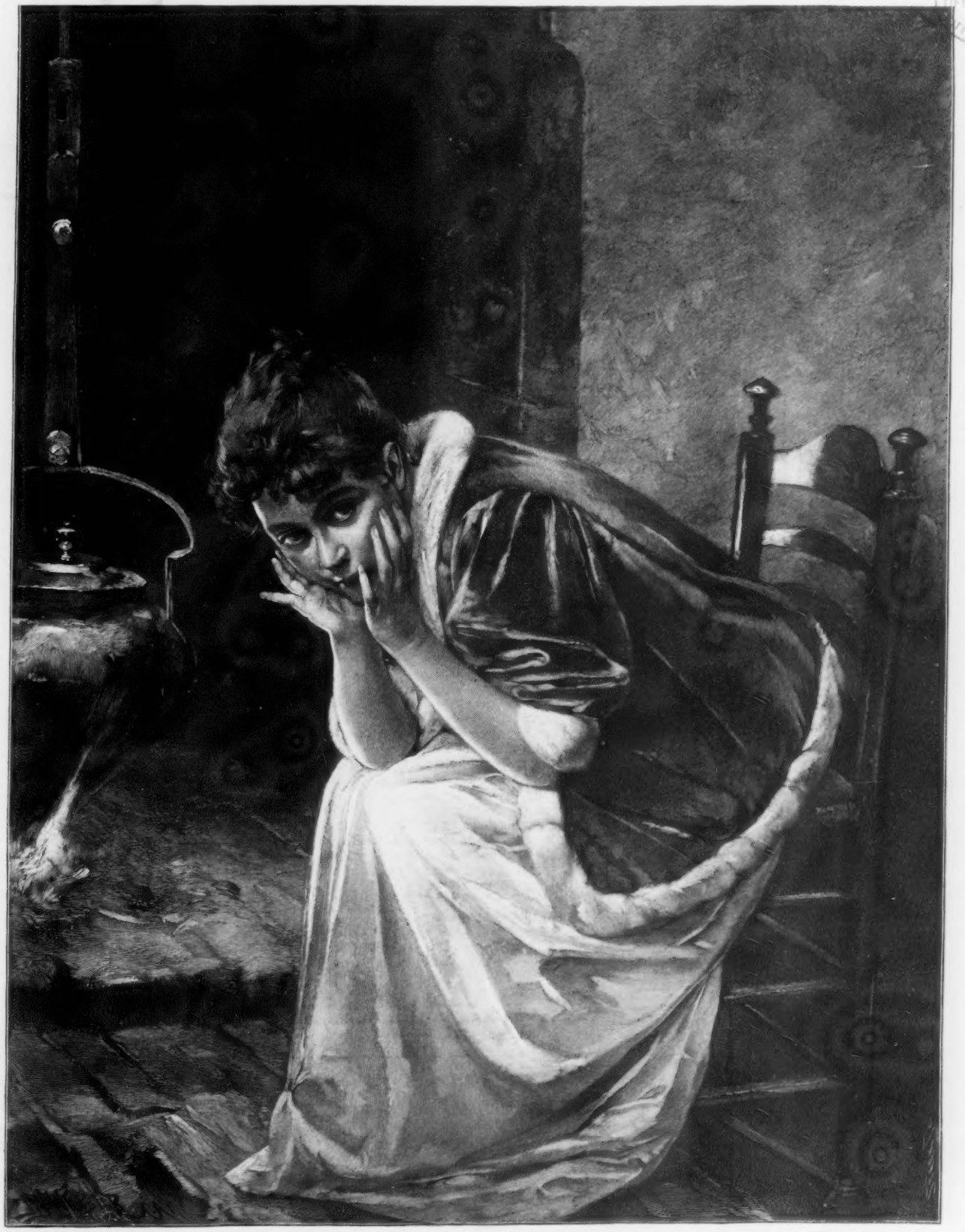

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND THE COURT JESTER.

TIME was when revealed religion was attacked by the blasphemy of Voltaire, by the wit of Pascal, by the learning of Colenso; it has been reserved for our time to hear sacred things and the beliefs of hundreds of millions of earnest people during the period of civilization made the butt of Colonel Ingersoll's blasphemous humor and fierce "popular" invective and assertiveness. The Colonel's fall and winter campaign began in this city Sunday evening, November 10, with an alleged new lecture, "The Foundations of Faith." The question of the six days of creation, that has engaged the thought of learned men since the rise of geology, is dismissed with the statement that the preachers once believed those to be real days, but that they have now come to call them six "long whiles"; and that the Creator, presumably, rested on the seventh "long while." This may be very funny, as "words, words, words"; but, as science, what is wrong about the change of view on the part of the preachers?

The impartial mind, that accepts the development theory, will allow our knowledge of the Universe to develop from simple propositions without details, as well as the Universe itself is allowed to develop from the Nebular Hypothesis that is based on the elementary laws of gravitation and rotation. What would be thought of the scientist who should say: "The Nebular Hypothesis, forsooth! What a world!"? How much more scientific is Ingersoll's humor: "Genesis! The Mistakes of Moses! Now listen to the preachers hedging! What a science!"? It will not do to say that the inspired Genesis ought to be scientifically exact; for even inspiration would only defeat its own purpose, if it gave to the Patriarchs the hypotheses or even the facts of modern advanced science on these momentous questions. The primitive human mind was not more ready for these, than the alleged gaseous fluidity of the Nebular Æon was, for the present comparatively firm-set Universe, as geologists and astronomers find it. In the hands of the Court Jester this most entrancing study is dismissed with a reference to a new theory of "six long whiles." The theory of long whiles, by the way, is not the creation of the preachers at all, for they believe that with God an æon is as a second; while the advanced scientist says these long whiles, even eternity, are needed so as to allow natural laws to account for the origin and progress of the Universe.

Another important topic in the new lecture plays about the resurrection of the body, the spirit, the soul of man. Can the dead be raised? asks Colonel Ingersoll. The question is settled off-hand, like all the others. As the body decomposes and the atoms are changed into other forms, the Colonel finds that it will be hard to tell, on Resurrection Day, to whom the different atoms belong. The orator says that parts of a dead human body are changed into wheat and corn, and into the bodies of other men. Suppose we allow these two mysteries to stand, one against the other. The mystery of the resurrection has one circumstance in its favor and that is, there will be atoms enough at least to make the bodies of men, because no atom of matter is ever destroyed. No human body need be, can be, lost.—In this sense bodies *may* rise again.

But all this is unworthy of the subject. The resurrection of the body is a question that revolves round higher considerations. Let us take one of these. The Universe, including Man, is constantly seeking equilibrium. External Nature in a state of rest, as we see it, has found equilibrium, does not rest until it has found it. This is as true of the planet as of the mechanical lever or the drop of water. All I ask is that Man shall obey the same law, both in his corporeality and in his responsible mentality and spirit. Nothing is more familiar, in human affairs, than the instance of the man who has crushed his victims, lived for himself alone, had all the comforts that this world can give; while his victim has known sorrow from the cradle and carries it to the grave, and has tried his best to do good in this world. Do these two go, at last, to the equal reward of extinction? The human mind cannot think it—has never been able to think it.

With his keen sense of the ridiculous, it is strange that Colonel Ingersoll takes himself so seriously in setting all the tangled questions involved in his subject—including such modern lore as the new study of the Scriptures, the evolution theory, the relation of geology to revelation—for the benefit of audiences that can have none but a very shallow knowledge of these subjects, to which scholars and specialists give a lifetime of patient research, leaving unsolved problems to posterity.

Assuming, however, that Colonel Ingersoll is sincere in the matter, I call his attention to the dictum of Karl Gegenbauer, who was an unbeliever, that no science should be studied in detached fragments, or even for the sake of the facts; but as a whole, so that the significance of the facts may not escape. Studying religion as a whole, then, the Agnostic has nothing to complain of, against God, after he says he does not know whether there is a God or not. If there is a Supreme Intelligent First Cause, surely no creature can logically find fault with any of His dispensations.

Colonel Ingersoll believes in Eternal Substance, and that the Universe, including Man, did not need a Creator. Let us examine this in the light of reason alone. The Agnostic distinguishes between matter and substance: the former is not from eternity and may vanish—"even Suns may be quenched"; but substance is the one eternal existence, from eternity to eternity. Now, it is either God or Eternal Substance—not merely a planning God, but a creative God.

There are certain necessary truths of pure reason, and any mature intellect can grasp them, when nakedly presented. One of these truths is contained in the proposition that there must be an eternal being of some kind, for the mind cannot think the contrary—that something ever came from nothing or without a cause. Yet, in the face of this, Colonel Ingersoll has never noticed the following argument.

I presume Colonel Ingersoll still clings to his Eternal Substance. There was a time when organic life did not exist in the Universe—for organisms are manifestations of matter, which comes from substance. Matter was floating around and changing many long æons before life came to any of its forms. Is it any harm to ask, How did life come? Haeckel says—and Ingersoll follows him—that it came—just once—by spontaneous generation. After that it came by development. Given the organisms and the efficient causes, we can in a manner understand the development of life. But is not that spontaneous generation a miracle? Just once, of course, but still a miracle. Then why does Colonel Ingersoll reject miracles, as miracles? And did not Eternal Substance, this once, work a miracle far more stupendous than the "rib story"?

As substance continues to develop into matter, the first human beings came upon the scene. It was easier for them—I believe that is the gist of Colonel Ingersoll's guess on the subject—to imagine a Great Being, through their hopes, fears and loves, than to study and arrive at a Universe that could make itself and then take care of itself. Primeval man, having come from substance through quenched Suns, stardust, ocean slime and the lower animals, did not "feel that way." He could not help hoping, fearing, loving, and aspiring to something better than deathful extinction.

Following this natural bent of mentality, leaders arose and proclaimed to the primitive races that a certain rule and government was ordained by the Great Being, and that the people must obey. Many of these, feeling the responsibility of their leadership, wrote and sang and reasoned that rewards and punishments would be meted out, in this life and in that future life, wherein all aspired to have perpetual happiness and high rank. It is admitted by all text writers of authority on the subject—as well as by Colonel Ingersoll himself—that these beliefs and hopes were characteristic of the primitive mind even outside of Israel. They were among the first manifestations of those forms of matter called the human heart and nervous system. They were spontaneous, not the cajoleries of demagogues or priestcraft. Through a great many thousand years they endured, and the world of men grew more kindly and more intellectual.

I say this original impulse of the human mind to cling to a Supreme Being, to both dread and hope for a destiny in a future life is an argument in favor of the existence of God, and of a Hereafter of rewards and punishments. The idea of dependence was developed with the human mind itself. The idea of responsibility was born, naturally, from the first sensation of a higher grade of mentality. The idea that all would not end on this bank and shoal of time, was the natural result of the highly prized gift of a superior intelligence that ought not to perish utterly.

In conclusion: what kind of a "calm beyond the storm" does Colonel Ingersoll wish to see? Florence Nightingale resting in the same Nirvana with the wrecker who sent sailors to a terrible death in order to plunder the wreck? Washington with Arnold? Wilberforce and Wendell Phillips with Legree? The humane Ingersoll with the brutal Inquisitor?

If "to love justice and long for the right" are parts of his religion of reason, how can Colonel Ingersoll reject the only possible means of making all things right, that are not righted in this world? He denounces these "infamies" of one kind and another—why does he not join with the churches to punish them in the next world, on the ground that mere denunciation does not much disturb these hardened specimens on this side of the line?

LEON D. MIVART.

Nothing propels a nation like God's word.

This is Thanksgiving Day—thank the Lord—Thanksgiving Day which has come to be shortened to simply Thanksgiving—an abbreviation not without its significance. It means that, as a rule, people have already come to look upon the feast as a matter of course, and that the special spirit of the occasion may be escaping. Among earnest people, of course, Thanksgiving Day still maintains its proper dignity; and they owe it to themselves to cultivate that spirit in others as far as possible. It is much too easy, unfortunately, to draw the trail of pessimism over this anniversary of national gratitude. But a cheerful view of the facts of life—in any individual's case—must show a balance on the right side. The people of the United States have special reasons to be thankful—not that we are not like unto other peoples—but that the march of events in general is steadily in our favor, that we are living in peace at home and with respect abroad, that the humane spirit of the age is spreading, and that we have had rather more than our share of the good things which Providence has, no doubt, divided among the nations according to their deserts!

Contempt is the sharpest reproof.—T. DIBDIN.

Last week I asserted that all this talk about a third term for Cleveland resulted simply from a clever journalistic *coup* on the part of two distinguished professors of journalism. Prof. Dana, on the one hand, desiring to originate a new sensation, ascribed to Mr. Cleveland a deep plot to seize a third term of the Presidency. I don't believe the thought had entered Mr. Cleveland's mind before the *Sun* began its series of articles on the subject, and most certainly Prof. Dana himself did not believe it. However, the iteration and reiteration soon began to affect the public mind, and then it was that Prof. Bennett recognized that his most formidable rival in the school of philosophy of journalism had stolen a march on him.

Prof. Bennett seldom condescends to follow the lead of others, and in this new phase of the Cæsarism discussion he has shown that he has lost none of his powers of origination and genius for catching hold of the public eye and ear. Most other editors would have taken up and re-echoed Prof. Dana's cry of "no third term." Not so with Prof. Bennett, who coolly informs the public that the *Herald's* former opposition to a third term was prompted by the fact that General Grant was a man whose ways were all military, and who, if elected for the third time, might easily become a dictator and transform the Republic into an Empire. Besides, Grant sought three consecutive terms, while in Cleveland's case the three terms would not be consecutive were he to be again nominated and elected.

Well, admit all this. Concede even that the precedent established by Washington would not be violated. You can never, Prof. Bennett, eradicate the popular prejudice against a third term. If Cleveland is renominated he will be defeated just as sure as the sun will rise and set to-morrow. Why? Because of this popular prejudice which could only be suspended by considerations of public necessity. Were the country in some great danger, where a change of Administration might mean doubt as to the ability of a new Executive to conduct the nation safely through the crisis, popular prejudice might be silenced, and the experiment might be tolerated as the lesser of two evils. But no such conditions now exist. The country is in no peril. There is no dearth of great and capable Democratic and Republican statesmen. There is no public question with which a Republican Administration might not as successfully grapple as the ablest conceivable Democratic Administration.

What excuse, therefore, is there for trying a doubtful experiment? None whatever. It is nonsense to

assert that Cleveland is necessary to the country, or that no one else could so well solve the economical problems now before the country. Not going beyond the Democratic fold, Secretary Carlisle, by his great speech lately before the New York Chamber of Commerce, has shown that he is sound to the very core on all the vital questions of currency and commerce. There are a dozen equally able Democratic statesmen competent to administer the Government. There are as many more of the Republican faith, beginning with Harrison and Morton. No, Prof. Bennett, the country is not hankering for a third term for any man just now, and the only possible result of a renomination of Cleveland would be disastrous defeat. Besides, the tendency just now is unmistakably Republican, and public thought is crystallizing about Levi P. Morton, the shrewd, honorable, unruffleable and reliable leader of New York. Morton will be the next nominee and the next Preisdent. It is written in the stars.

The divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and moldering stone, as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven, and setting the foundations of the earth.—Ruskin.

Last week Lord Salisbury said he was afraid Turkey would not carry out desired reforms in Armenia. This week the Sultan writes to his Lordship that these reforms will be carried out to the best of the Sultan's ability; and Lord Salisbury reads the letter, in part, for the news agencies, so that the world can see, as it were, just what Turkey and Great Britain are trying to do with the Armenian. The Sultan has bad Ministers, and is, according to the London *Daily News*, "a cruel, cowardly and fanatical tyrant" himself. It will be readily apparent, therefore, that this correspondence between the Sultan and Premier is highly important. On behalf of Lord Salisbury the statement is given out that the growth of fanaticism in Turkish affairs for centuries cannot be wiped out in a day, and that England does not propose to do anything in the matter without the co-operation of the other Powers. In the meantime, of course, the Sultan will do the best he can with the Armenian reforms.

Yes; that is just the point. But what can the Sultan do in this direction? All through his dominions the tribes are in revolt; they massacre when and where they please; his dispatches to his Governors are but so much waste paper; the massacres threaten the extinction of all the Christians in Asia Minor; Islam fanaticism has got beyond the control of the tyrant of Constantinople. The Sultan—either through helplessness or duplicity—has appealed to the Pope for kindly offices for the pacification of Armenia. If this is not a last despairing effort to save his fanatical followers and his own dominions from the wrath of the Powers, it is a shrewd trick to induce the kindly Leo XIII. to prevent further bloodshed by counseling patience to Oriental Christians. If the impotency of the Porte has developed into an anarchy, wherein Turkish rule has assumed the form of tribal wars of extermination against Christians, the civilized world demands the expulsion of the Turk, as a ruler, from Europe.

This is a task that does indeed require the concerted action of all civilized nations. The Mohammedan population of the Globe is at present about two hundred million. In Europe they are almost confined to Turkey, where they are less than five million and constantly decreasing. Their religion is spreading rapidly among the Hindoos of British India, where they number far in excess of fifty million. In Africa they number more than one hundred million. They are a dominating, aggressive and warlike one-sixth of the total population of the world. In Turkey, they know they are fighting in their last ditch. They know England must go slow, in the matter of Armenian reform, because their brethren in India can make that unwieldy Empire still more unwieldy for Great Britain. There can be no doubt that the shrewd Pashas who are doing as they please in the back provinces of Asia Minor are well aware of England's delicate position and are taking advantage of it.

During the many inter-Christian religious wars that succeeded the Protestant Reformation, the Turk had a chance to entrench himself in the position he gained by the Fall of Constantinople in 1453; and in more modern times he has been able to reign there by sufferance owing to the jealousies of the Russian and British Empires. These conditions and jealousies no longer have reason to exist. Turkey is no longer an efficient warlike Power. Europe need fear no invasion from either Africa or India. Turkish Government in Europe has relapsed from a monstrous despotism to its primitive tribal anarchy. Now is the time to banish the Mohammedan forever from Europe. He is not even to be reckoned with as a European factor. The place to meet him is in Africa, where he has been perpetuating the horrors of the slave trade among the defenseless natives; in India, where he is changing the good-natured Hindoo into a savage propagandist of Islam or a shameless devotee of the unspeakable vices; in the Chinese Empire, where he is even now leading a formidable insurrection against the ruling dynasty, the first beginnings of which were quietly inaugurated before the outside world knew anything about it.

But most absurd, almost incredible is it, that in the Holy Land neither Christian nor Hebrew nor unbeliever can travel without the permission of the Mohammedan. The Cave of Bethlehem, Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre are in his keeping. What is there in the Turkish Question that has forced Christendom to tolerate this outrage? Is it because Palestine is of little commercial importance? Whatever it is, the approaching settlement of the Eastern Question by the dismemberment of Turkey must include the joint protectorate of the Holy Land by Christian Powers, and the total abolition of Turkish rule in that quarter. Christendom must wake up. The taint of Islam must be forever removed from these sacred precincts. The Christian world must be worthy of its past, by shielding its own birthplace from the contagion of the unspeakable Turk.

Real science is a search for the *thought of God*; real religion is the search for the *heart of God*—the feelings, sentiments and purpose of God. Between these there is no conflict, but perfect and everlasting harmony.—Prof. Momerie.

Mr. Richard Davey's description of the Sultan's harem in the *Fortnightly Review* contains some very interesting details of the lives of the inmates. It is stated, for instance, as an evidence of the civilization, if I may say so, of the Eastern ladies who make the domestic life of the Sultan more or less happy, that they all "dress in European fashion, but almost invariably in the costliest conceivable tea-gowns from Paris and Vienna." This is not the first time that the tea-gown has achieved a somewhat unenviable notoriety, it having also figured in the recent tirade against tea-drinking, wherein ladies were described as celebrating mystic rites in special "vestments." Hitherto even suburban matrons of the most sedate mien have adopted this pretty and comfortable garment without a suspicion of doing anything unconventional, but now that one writer has classed the tea-gown as the "vestment" associated with a "demoralizing orgie," and another writer assures us that it is the usual garb of the Sultan's favorites, the British matron will doubtless wonder if she is quite *en règle* in wearing attire which is seemingly connected with unconventional proceedings!

Among the greater dead we shall find the records of those who have passed through harder trials and accomplished greater deeds than those which are demanded of us. They have, many of them, won eternal fame. Be sure that it did not settle quietly upon their brows. It was won in the only way in which fame can be worth the winning. It was won by labor; that is the path which they trod. It is the path which you must tread also.—Lord Iddesleigh.

Lord Dufferin is to be succeeded as British Ambassador at Paris by Sir Philip Currie, who in turn will be followed at Constantinople by Sir Henry Drummond Wolf. Dufferin, it is thought, will retire on the very inadequate pension of eighty-five hundred dollars a year, which the rules of the British service award to Ambassadors. Lord Dufferin's facial resemblance to the late Beaconsfield is well known, and, perhaps on that account, he was always a favorite of the Conservative leader. His mother was one of the few clever women of the day who detected the young Disraeli's genius, and, according to Froude, she took upon herself to tell the future Prime Minister that he made a fool of himself by his extravagant style of dress. Lord Beaconsfield showed his grateful recollection of his beautiful and witty friend by appointing her son to be Ambassador at St. Petersburg, although he belonged to the Liberal party, in the days before Unionism. Lord Dufferin is fond of telling how he once accosted Disraeli in the lobby of the House of Commons and asked him to recommend a novel. "When I want to read a novel," said Dizzy, "I write one."

The dome of St. Peter's is great, yet is it but a foolish chip of an egg-shell compared with that star-fretted dome where Arcturus and Orion glance forever, which latter, notwithstanding, no one looks at—because the architect was not a man.—Carlyle.

The Chinese State Councils, or Cabinet meetings, are held at the unearthly hour of 3 A.M., lasting until 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning. To be ready for these the Emperor has to rise at 2 o'clock in the morning!

Princess Maud, who is to marry Prince Carl of Denmark, is known in the family cricle as "Harrie" and so signs her letters to intimate friends. She rides pluckily, shoots capitally, plays the piano well, *on dit* also that she sports a single eyeglass with very *chic* effect, is thoroughly domesticated, and by no means ill-posted in the details of dairy farming. That she is vivacious and full of humor every one knows, and her Royal Highness has also considerable spirit. Her toilets are said to be very simple, and yet she always looks well dressed.

Guard within yourself that treasure—kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself. Keep the hope of another life. It is there that mothers meet their sons again. Love all God's creatures. Forgive those who are ill-conditioned, resist those who are unjust, and devote yourself to those who are great through their virtue.—Georges Sand.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Barrett is almost without parallel in the annals of crime and of that modern species of crookedness yclept "double-life." That Mr. Barrett could have been housebreaking and burglarizing for several years, and yet keep his wife in ignorance of his criminality while she was enjoying the fruits thereof, even to the extent of gaining a certain prominence in society circles of abbreviated radii, does indeed justify the term "romance" applied to it by the scribes. A romance is that which is not really true, you know; it is what one might wish, what might be true, what has a certain artistic, higher truth. The story of this blissful ignorance must be one of these kinds of truth. For the lady's sake, and the sake of some Newport people, I trust there was only one double life through "it all."

Senator Sherman is out in a letter favoring McKinley for the Republican Presidential nomination. At the same time the announcement is made that Republican leaders favor a wool tariff bill this winter, to raise revenue.

NOVELS AND OTHER FORMS OF READING.

The pleasant custom of story-telling, first introduced among our ancestors as a foil against the depression of slow-moving hours about the fireside, has developed in our time into a literary art of the highest order. There is no question that a good novel, of the present day, has more potent influence for good—and in more directions—among the people, than any other species of literature. These novels are not necessarily light reading. They are never frivolous or trivial. Even the romances are full of a human interest in the present that is scarcely, if at all, second to the absorbing interest of realism—genuine tales from real life whose truth we can ourselves vouch for.

The spread of novel-reading is, therefore, no longer viewed as an unfavorable sign of the times, except by over-nervous reformers. It is now seen that the natural impulse of the average reader, to open a novel in preference to any other book, has of itself created a demand for the really meritorious work of fiction. The novel-reading public—estimated in this country at fifteen millions—are not easy to please. The result is, that the number of modern novelists whose works have survived this test is very small in proportion to the number who have sought the favor of the discriminating reading public.

Prominent among these lucky few are the names of the past and present contributors to the Fortnightly Library of new, copyrighted, high-class fiction, by the greatest living authors. Mrs. Oliphant's "Old Mr. Tredgold" is the novel now running in the Library. It is not necessary to introduce this charming writer to the reader of literary tastes. Mrs. Oliphant stands in the front rank of latter-day, up-to-date novelists.

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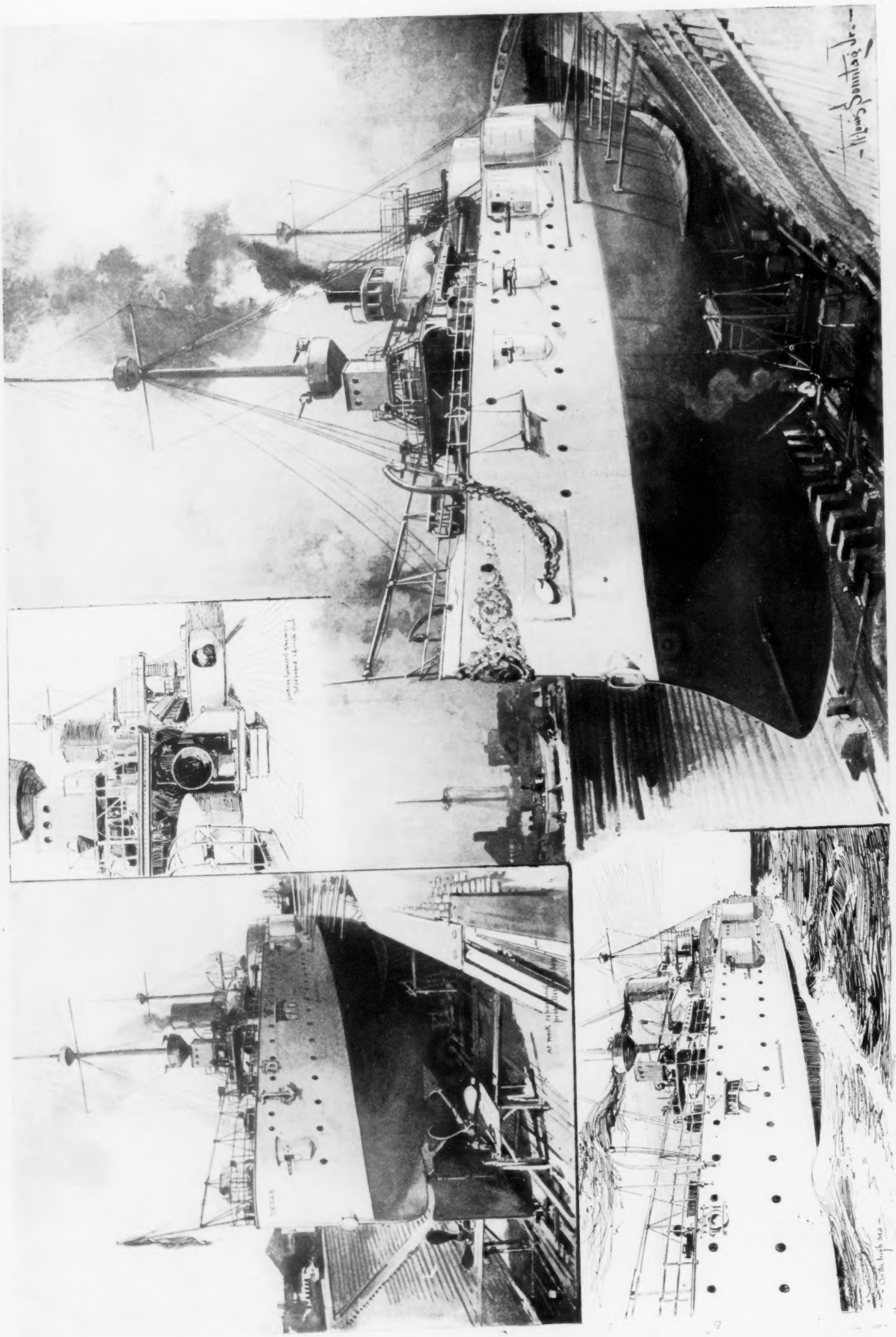

FITTING UP THE SECOND-CLASS BATTLESHIP "TEXAS" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

MUD PIES.—By B. Genzmer.

EUGENE FIELD.

Of all the many poets
Who please me with their rhyme,
There's one above the others
Of every age and clime,
Who seems to ease my bosom
Where aches have never healed—
His name? Why! don't you know it?
It's Eugene Field.

All of his lines are magic,
And ev'ry word's a gem;
He's comrade of children,
And the way he writes of them
Brings tears to many eyelids
To feeling long congealed,
And chastened lips of sorrow
Bless Eugene Field.

He sees all your heartstrings,
And plays with them at will;
He bids your cares be silent,
And all your grief be still.
He rouses strange emotions
That apathy did shield,
For human nature's known to him,
This Eugene Field.

The tender, soothing essence
Of poetry divine,
Breathes in his glorious measure,
And in his lilting line.
There are not many poets
Who such a pen can wield,
Or weave such dainty fancies
As Eugene Field.

For all the good he's wrought us,
In all his charming lays,
We pay to him the tribute
Of our unstinted praise;
For of all the noted names
By fame's loud clamor pealed,
There's none we honor any more
Than Eugene Field.—WM. SIDNEY HILLYER.

ANTHONY HOPE.

BY GEORGE WARRINGTON.

WHEN "The Prisoner of Zenda" was first published more than two years ago it was hailed as one of the best romances that had appeared since the day of the elder Dumas. Its clever plot, its swiftness of movement, its exquisitely turned phrasing, its keen wit, and its clever characterization, all proclaimed it to be the work of a master hand. Of course, it *made* the man who wrote it, for since its appearance the name of Anthony Hope has been on everybody's lips. Yet, as a matter of fact, very little is known about the author, who has studiously endeavored to hide his personality behind his books. This is not because he objects to being written about; it is simply because he hates to talk about himself. So he has in consequence a very natural aversion to being interviewed.

It was my good fortune, however, during a recent visit in London to meet Anthony Hope very informally, and incidentally to hear something from him of his career. But before I speak of that career I want to give a brief account of the appearance of the man.

In the first place, as is now generally known, Anthony Hope is really Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins; I must confess that I think the simple name of Hawkins fits him even better than the romantic name of Hope. Indeed, simplicity is one of his most marked qualities. He might easily pass for a young clergyman or the tutor of a private school or university. He is tall and thin, with a smooth face of marked intellectuality, a very broad forehead, rolling back from keen gray eyes. His voice is low and pleasant, his manner very quiet and unaffected, and he speaks deliberately, without the pronounced English accent that characterizes the speech of many of the well-known British authors. I suppose that he might be called a silent man, for he dearly loves a pipe and the silences between talk that go with it. Yet, like most silent men, when he does speak he always has something interesting to say. From my chat with him I gathered an account of his early years, and this I will reproduce here.

Anthony Hope's father is a clergyman, now the rector of St. Bride's in the heart of London. At the time of the author's birth, however, the family resided a few miles out of the city. Anthony was educated at Marlborough, which ranks among the best of the English public schools. From Marlborough he went to Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his championship of the Liberal cause in the "Union," the famous debating club of the University. His college was Balliol, and there he came under the influence of the celebrated Professor Jowett, of whom he has a great many delightful stories to tell. On leaving Oxford, in 1885, he went down to London, entered the Temple, and for two years studied law industriously, becoming a barrister in the autumn of 1887. In the meantime, however, the interest which he had taken in politics as a student found a practical expression, and during the English elections he spent a large portion of his time in making speeches in favor of the Liberal cause. After his admission to the Bar, however, in spite of his political enthusiasms, he found that he had a great deal of time unoccupied. The law business proved to be distressingly meager. So, to occupy and amuse himself, and incidentally to make a little money, he started work on a novel. It was in this way that his first book, "A Man of Mark," came to be written. Those who have read it must have found in it, as I did, several of the qualities that were later to make "A Prisoner of Zenda" such a popular success. The plot is not as good as the story of "Zenda," but it is clever and wittily worked out, and the interest is sustained to the end. In spite of its excellence, it quickly found a publisher, and what is equally strange, in spite of its excellence, it failed. That is, it was praised here and there, but it did not attract buyers. So Mr. Hope found himself about as badly off as if publishers had rejected his MS. However, he was not discouraged; he had enjoyed writing one book, and he determined to write another. "Father Stafford," his second novel, was well noticed, but it could hardly be called a success. "Mr. Witt's Widow," "A Change of Air," "Half a Hero," and a delightful collection of short stories, "Sport Royal," soon followed, but Mr. Hope did not really make an impression on the great public until "The Prisoner of Zenda" appeared. Then many of the readers who were charmed by this work turned back, as I did myself, and read every one of the others. Thus does the success of a modern author react on his failures!

Those who have taken the trouble to study Mr. Hope's work must have felt repaid; for, in spite of certain immaturities in it, it is all marked by the careful handling, by the sparkle of dialogue, and by the quick movement of his most popular production. Within the past year or so several of these have been reprinted, and have had the success that they merited when they first appeared. I fancy, however, that Mr. Hope bears the public no grudge for being so coy with him for so long a time. He must feel repaid for his persistent industry and for his patience by the present warmth of his reception.

It was only after the great success of "Zenda" that Mr. Hope was persuaded to abandon the law. While his early books were failing, law business began to come to him, and just as he was succeeding in literature his law work was taking up nearly all of his time. He found himself in the rather unusual position of a man obliged to choose between two successes. From his experience it would appear to be about as hard, if not harder, to serve two successes as two masters. "Zenda," however, decided his choice. Literary fame was too tempting to be set aside by devotion to the dreary routine of law. So a year ago last summer Mr. Hope packed away his law books, and, instead of going

ANTHONY HOPE.

to the courts every day, he went into some little chambers in the old Elizabethan quarter of London in Buckingham Street, off the Strand, and there he began his professional life as an author. He liked to work in the noise and bustle of the business world; he found that he could give his imagination full play there as well as anywhere else. So for the past year he has gone to his desk at nine o'clock in the morning and he has worked there until four in the afternoon, taking the usual hour for luncheon, like any other toiler. The result is that since "Zenda" he has finished no less than four books: his "Dolly Dialogues," which so great an authority as George Meredith has pronounced the wittiest dialogue written by any contemporary author, and three novels—"The God in the Car," "The Indiscretions of a Duchess" and "The Chronicles of Count Antonio," not to speak of several short stories and the novelette. Yet Mr. Hope is a careful writer; he told me that though he seldom re-wrote, he revised his work three times before letting it go finally to press, first in MS., then in typewritten form, and then in the printed proof. It would seem from this record that Mr. F. Marion Crawford had at last met his match as a rapid producer of copy.

An account of Mr. Hope's career would be incomplete without a further reference to his political interests. In 1893, while he was still struggling with failure in the law and failure in literature, he was made the Liberal candidate for Parliament for South Bucks. He fought a hard fight, going about from town to town pleading his own cause; but in spite of his eloquence and the ardor of his supporters, he was defeated. He loves to speak of his experiences as a candidate; some of them, I have no doubt, will find their way into literature; at any rate, those that I heard were amusing enough to be reproduced in a book. Since those days Mr. Hope has been too absorbed by law and letters to try to reform his country. For the present he is content to let the lawmakers wrangle while he is adding to his fame, and—I trust—to his fortune.

THE Queen of Italy is a great collector of costly old lace, the cream of her collection being a magnificent piece of Maltese lace. The history of Maltese lace dates, we are creditably assured, back to one thousand years before Christ, and among the famous Crown laces of Italy specimens are to be seen which are reputed to be five centuries old.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET ON REDMOND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

I THANK you for your courtesy in sending me a proof of Mr. J. E. Redmond's article. Under ordinary circumstances I should not notice the communication, and had you not made a personal request that I should do so. In compliance I will present my views briefly, as I am too busy a man to enter into any controversy.

All that Mr. Redmond states regarding the present condition of Irish affairs from a lack of union among the Irish people is clearly put. I appreciate as fully as he seems to do all that Mr. Parnell accomplished for Ireland and I sincerely hope the day may never come, to the discredit of the Irish people, when the name of Parnell shall cease to be revered for that service.

The remainder of the article needs only a passing notice, since it is but a rehash of the sole stock-in-trade of the so-called Parnellites, and since every word of it has been answered and refuted again and again. It is my firm belief that Mr. Parnell, if he were on earth to-day, would not be found with those who have made the most out of his name and misfortunes. The majority of those who were his friends are now to be found in the National party, and they have not deviated from the lines of policy laid down by him. It seems incredible that Mr. Redmond can believe the statement which he makes in reference to the affirmed servile relation of the National party of Ireland to the Liberal party of England—namely, that "he" (Mr. McCarthy) "and his friends are now part and parcel of the Liberal party." Unless Mr. Redmond and his handful of followers will openly join the Tory party they will not dare in any future Parliament to follow any other course than that taken by Mr. McCarthy, in making use of either Tory or Liberal Government to advance the interests of Ireland. There has never been an alliance made for any other purpose, and moreover the National party never will become allied with any English party for any other motive. From Mr. Redmond's position, as a member of Parliament, he must know that this is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

It is, however, in this connection, a waste of time to deal with the past. The present condition of affairs must be met that the future may, if possible, be provided for. As I have stated, Mr. Redmond has clearly pictured the present condition of Irish affairs and has truthfully attributed the disastrous result of the movement to a want of union among the Irish people. But he neglected to state that no man, so far as the opportunity lay with him, did more in proportion than Mr. Redmond himself to bring about the condition he describes.

The aspiring leaders of discontent in Ireland have yet to learn a salutary lesson—that of obedience and loyalty to the will of the majority; and, unless it be well and quickly learned, nothing else can save the cause of Home Rule. Never has any political movement succeeded without either the subservience of the minority to the indisputable justice of majority rule, or else the unquestioning obedience of the whole party to their recognized leader. A more striking example of the truth of this latter assertion could not be found than the success of the single and autocratic rule of Mr. Parnell.

I learn that in the near future a Congress will probably assemble in Dublin, formed of stanch Irishmen from all over the world, for the purpose of considering the present unhappy state of Irish affairs, and if possible to suggest some remedy. If such a meeting be held, the convention, instead of suggesting, will demand, and in no uncertain terms, that the Irish people, if hoping for help from abroad, at once cease their strife and divisions. And the remedy to be suggested, with this demand, may be that the people at once cease to extend their sympathy to every petty leader, who has a supposed grievance, because his worth, as usual, has not been taken at his own estimation. By action of this Congress the leaders themselves may be forced to realize that the success of a great cause stands in jeopardy. Possibly they may then appreciate that the aspirations of the most prominent individual among them can have as little weight in comparison, to the success of that cause, as a single drop of water would bear to the whole Atlantic.

Let the proposed Congress meet or not, the Irish race, scattered throughout the world, fully realize that a comparatively small number of individuals are responsible for threatened defeat. But should the cause of Home Rule for Ireland be lost, through their dissensions and the consequent want of unity among the people, then assuredly their names and their memories will pass into the future with a curse through all generations—so long as one of Irish blood exists.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET, M.D.,
President of the Irish National
Federation of America.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16, 1895.

THE late Robert Louis Stephenson had a happy way of applying religion to life and showing how it should work out in practice. Talking one day to the children at a school in Samoa about the parable of the Talents, he told them there were three they all possessed: *Tongues*, that they must use to be cheerful and make those happy who were round them. *Faces*, that they must keep as bright as a new shilling, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes. *Hands*, that they must keep employed in useful work cheerfully done; and if they spent their lives in doing these things for the good of others, they might be told at last: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did unto Me."

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ABOUT STEEPLEJACKS.

BY WILFRED WEMLEY.

HE SAT THERE FOR FIFTEEN HOURS.

IF I were asked to name the precise psychological moment at which there was born in me a desire to know something about steeplejacks, I should turn to a day in the month of June of last year, when I beheld from such an unromantic spot as the pavement of a City thoroughfare a spectacle which was thrilling enough to have moved a writer of romance to adjectival ecstasies. Some two or three men were busy mending the weathercock of a church near Fenchurch Street, London. They had put up the shell of their scaffolding and had found foothold upon a few planks at the summit of the spire. Observing that the crowd below interested itself in their movements, one of them stepped briskly to the very edge of the planking and proceeded to dance a hornpipe for the delectation of the spectators. Though he stood at an altitude of one hundred and twenty feet, though the plank upon which he danced was not much above eighteen inches in breadth, the scoundrel seemed as comfortable as a man in a hansom cab. When he had performed sufficiently, as he thought, and those below had struck the whole gamut of exclamation, from the commonplace "Horrible!" to the tragic and long-drawn "Oh!" he wound up with that tandem-like application of the hands to the nose which was beloved of Mr. Punch's bishop. Then he resumed his work, and the trembling crowd dispersed.

It was obvious to me at once that a man like this knew nothing of danger or of the dread of heights. One hundred feet or two hundred, *ca ne fait rien*. I remember well being upon a housetop with an aged painter who had insisted that I should inspect the precise causes which led to an excess of water upon the drawing-room carpet. I chanced to put the question to him: "Would you walk from this roof to the roof across the road if a twelve-inch plank connected the two and you were offered ten pounds for doing it?" His answer was simple and to the point:

"Yes, if it were five mile high."

Here, obviously, is the spirit which makes the steeplejack. At that time, however, I knew little of the fraternity—nothing of its methods. I had a vague notion that of all the giddy callings the steeplejack's was the giddiest; that of all the risky things done for livelihood his daily work was the most risky. I had heard wondrous tales of the way in which he flew kites over chimneys; how he went to his work in a condition aptly described by Mr. Barrie's Scotchman who could "haud a lot." But of the truth of the matter I had no idea; and it was not until chance put me in touch, quite recently, with one of the most daring steeplejacks in England that I gained any real knowledge of a calling which is as heroic in its way as it is dangerous and ill-paid.

My steeplejack hailed from Leicester. When I came upon him he was repairing a shaft near Cambridge, which must have been fully one hundred and eighty feet high. The chimney had cracked badly. It was his work to bind it up with iron bands—a feat accomplished without the raising of any substantial scaffolding, and solely in a cage which he lowered and raised from the summit by pulleys. He was a man of middle age, substantially built, and having a fine black beard of his own. Nevertheless, there was nothing "beyond ordinary" in his appearance; and he was quite a different kind of man from the one my mind's eye had shown me as qualified for the work of the steeplejack. When I interviewed him, we stood at the foot of the gigantic chimney, and I observed a frail and rickety-looking ladder running right to the summit—a ladder bent out at the cornice high above us, so that men mounting it hung for moments in mid-air with their backs seemingly in a line parallel to the earth. This alone was a fine prelude to that grewsome tale he told me, and gave me a fit of the shivers even while we talked.

"So you are a steeplejack," said I. "And how do you like the work?"

"Oh, I like the work well enough," said he; "I've been at it five-and-thirty years, and am not going to begin fault-finding now. Use is second nature, you may know."

"And can you really get used to hanging on by the eyebrows up there?"

"Use to it? Why, it's no more to me than going upstairs to bed."

"But that chimney is not far short of two hundred feet high!"

"She's just over a hundred and seventy-five feet. The tallest shaft I ever climbed topped the two hundred feet by a good yard or two. But height has nothing to do with it—except where cost is concerned. I'd as soon stand three hundred feet up as thirty. It's all the same if you make a bad step."

"You do not consider it a dangerous occupation, then?"

"Not if your men are sober and work with proper care. If you come to that, no occupation is quite safe, is it? I've heard before now of folks being killed in a London hansom cab. It depends on what you mean by safe."

"Then steeplejacks are not often killed?"

"Very rarely nowadays—when they keep sober. It was different when we flew kites. A man took his life in his hands in those days. I remember when I was a bit of a nipper watching a Black Country steeplejack swarm up a hundred-foot shaft. He went to the work so drunk that he could hardly stand. When a man in the crowd spoke to him, he said: 'Look here, how am I to go up there sober?' That was true enough. Only a very strong man went up after a kite without taking a stiff glass of spirit before he began."

"You speak from experience?"

"Yes, I've climbed many a hundred shafts with a kite, and I never took anything but cold water for the job. But then I'm a strong chap, and there aren't many with as good a head as I've got."

"Was kite-flying very dangerous?"

"Quite dangerous enough for me," said he. "But a kite is not often used for chimneys, since we got these ladders. There may be a few kite-fliers in out-of-the-way places, but all big men work as I work."

"And how was the kite business managed?"

"Oh, that was plain enough. We used to make a big kite and have two strings to her. She carried a guiding-line at her belly and a second running-line at her tail. We used to let her go a little way from the chimney and try to bring her right over the top of it. It wasn't as easy as it looked by a long way, and you'll scarcely believe me when I tell you that I once flew a kite for three weeks at a shaft in Leicestershire and didn't get over it even then. It was a common thing to waste three days before you got your line over, and then, when you'd done it, you might fail to make it fast. The thing was to guide the kite right over the opening with your line and then to pull her down so that the second cord ran across the top of the shaft. Directly we had done this we attached a rope with a pulley-block to the line and hauled it up. You can see easily enough that the thin line might slip off the top while we were hauling, and then all our work was lost. If it stopped on, and we succeeded in getting the thick line up, we would take the end of the rope and run round and round the bottom of the chimney with it. The result of this was to wind our rope round the summit above the cornice and so to give us hold enough to haul up a man. The pulley did the rest, and so long as the rope at the top held we were safe enough."

"There must have been a frightful risk of the thing giving," said I.

"Not so much as you would think. You see, it was all a downward pressure with the flat parapet of the cornice to prevent the line coming off. I've flown hundreds of kites, as I say, and I can remember only two bad mishaps. In the first case, at Birmingham, the rope broke away when we had a man half-way up, and he fell fifty feet, smashing himself to bits on a heap of slag; in the second case, down in Yorkshire, I had got a line round the weathercock of a steeple and was hauling a young chap up, when, just as he touched the top, the line gave, and I expected to see him come crashing down the whole hundred and fifty feet. He didn't, though, and what happened after sounds like a miracle to hear. It seems that he felt the line slacking, and when he was within a yard of the weathercock, he got his feet against the stone and gave a sort of spring, throwing his arms round the ironwork, and holding on for his life. After that, he just climbed astride of the old steeple, and sat there for fifteen hours while we were flying another kite arcoss him. You don't often hear of pluck like that."

I admitted that you do not, and put another question to him:

"When you had hauled a man up in the ordinary way, what would he do then?"

"If it was a steeple, he would sit with his legs round the cock until he had made the pulley properly fast. Then he would haul up four planks, and build a foothold. The rest is easy, once you have got your man up there."

"And is it as easy with these ladders?"

"Far easier. I can get to the top of a big shaft in three or four hours, taking it pretty quietly, too. That ladder there, which looks like one piece, is really built up of short lengths, each fifteen feet high. They fit together like the barrel of a telescope; that is to say, the feet of one ladder fit into sockets on the top of the ladder below. When I come to a chimney that I must climb I take one of these short ladders and rear it straight against the side, but about a foot from the shaft. My next implement is a big iron hook which has a sharp spike and is to be driven easily into a brick of the chimney. The loop of this hook goes round one of the rungs of the ladder, and when the spike is driven home the whole thing is as firm as a rock. In this way I get my first ladder up; and when I've fixed it, I run up carrying a second ladder in my hands. The ends of this fit into the sockets at the top of ladder No. 1. A second staple driven into the brickwork about the middle rung of the ladder fixes it like the first is fixed; and after that it's just the same right away up to the top. Where the business is nasty is at the projecting cornice. Some of these shafts have cornices which project two or three feet; but I have known them stand out as far as seven feet, and it's no easy work to fix a ladder up at that height, and to make it secure. Of course you want a very long-shafted hook to hold the middle rung of it, and you must tie the foot of it with ropes. Still, I never get on to my last ladder without a bit of a quake, and I'm always thankful enough when I stand at last on the parapet of the chimney and know the work is done."

"What does it feel like up there? Is a chimney worse to stand upon than a steeple?"

"There's no comparing them. For one thing, your ledge on which you stand is not much more than two feet wide, and you've got a drop on both sides of you. There's a good deal of heat, likely enough, coming up the flue of the shaft, and, added to that, the whole chimney rocks and sways whenever the wind is high in a way that would turn you sick. I've known a tall shaft to swing nearly a foot either way in a gale. That doesn't sound much, but you stand up there while the game is going on, and I'll bet my life you say your prayers if you never said them before. Run up with me now and try it?"

The question was a kind one, but I was willing to take his word for the rocking propensities of chimneys, and I told him so. He would not be denied altogether, however, and the matter ended in a compromise. He took me up a smaller shaft, one about sixty feet in height, and there he endeavored to show me the beauties of the surrounding country. I am afraid that his work was vain. The long climb up the rickety ladder and the truly horrible sensation when we passed over the cornice robbed me of what little nerve I ever possessed. The last of the ladders was bent out from the chimney at an angle, perhaps, of thirty degrees. It seemed to me that I was hanging right over the earth, and that a great effort was needed to pull myself straight and set foot at last upon the narrow ledge around which the scaffold was built. Once there, the feeling of insecurity is not to be described. It was quite bad enough to be compelled to balance one's self upon a ledge of stone about two feet wide; but the double precipice, inviting one to make a false step, and to go hurtling through the air to the yard below, was terrifying beyond measure. I even found myself clinging to his arm and begging him to lower me down in a basket; and I had not been upon the summit five minutes before I proved the truth of his words about the rocking propensities. The whole chimney seemed to swing from its base to the extent of a foot on either side. Of course a good deal of this was imagination; but of the fact of its rocking there was no possible doubt.

When we were down again—and I never remember such a delightful experience as that of touching terra-firma once more—I asked him if he, personally, had enjoyed any unusual experiences when running his ladders up a chimney.

"Well," said he, "I once had a very narrow shave almost at the top of a shaft two hundred feet high. There was a strong gale of wind blowing, and just when I was getting the last ladder into position a gust wrenched it clean out of my hands. What's more, it blew me off the ladder I was standing on, and I should have gone right down the whole two hundred feet if I had not managed to clutch a rung and hang on tight. It made me feel queer, I can tell you, to be hanging there by one hand and unable for a long time to feel anything with my feet. I did get back after a bit, and, strange enough, when I was all right, I found that I had still got hold of the hammer I was working with. It's use, I suppose, for I never thought anything about the hammer while I was hanging there, you may be sure."

"You would sooner be on the top of a chimney than a church-steeple, I imagine?"

"It makes no difference to me, although I will say that there's a lot more to catch hold of on the top of a church-steeple than on a shaft, and there's no cornice to bother you. That's what troubles us often enough in running ladders up. But when you are dealing with a steeple it's all fair game. Most likely you'll find a window half-way up the spire, and you can put a bit of a scaffold out there and get your ladders up that way without doing any damage to the stonework. It's rare that we drive in hooks when mending steeples. I have even flown a kite quite recently when called upon to oil the cock of a steeple whose stonework I didn't care to mess about."

"And does it pay you to go up so far for so simple a matter?"

"Oh, it pays well enough. I've made five pounds by a day's work many a time when I was quite a young man, and there's few steeplejacks who would like to make less than ten or twelve pounds a week when they're at it. You see, jobs aren't going every day, and when they do turn up we expect to be paid well."

"Is there any regular rate of wages for steeplejacks?"

"I can't say that there is. It all depends on what's to be done, and how far you've got to bring your ladders. At the same time wages run high for those that get the ladders up, and even a beginner makes his three or four pounds a week helping."

It occurred to me that his information on this point was vague and given reluctantly, so I turned the subject again.

"I have read in novels," said I, "of steeplejacks going mad when at their work. I suppose you have never heard anything of the sort?"

"Can't say that I have; but it don't do to believe what's put in novels, does it? Most of my mates are too busy to think of anything silly like that. The only case I can remember was being at the top of a church-steeple in Bedford when a mate of mine came up drunk and wanted to fight me. We were standing on two planks about twenty-four inches wide, and it gave me a turn, you can think. But I gripped him by the throat, and when I had done with him there wasn't an ounce of fight left in him."

"How did he get down again?"

"Oh, that was easy enough. I tied him up to the cage and left him there until he'd slept a bit of it off. Drink, though, doesn't make much difference to some of our men. I've seen them climb two hundred-foot ladders when they've been so drunk that they could hardly stand on their feet down below."

"That's extraordinary; but one more question, please. Have you in your memory the recollection of any performance in which you took particular pride?"

"Well, I've done so many things. But there's one thing, sir, I am proud of. It was when the Prince of Wales visited Derby. We had a bit of a scaffold half-way up the spire of the best church in the town, but there was only a rope up to the cock. When the Prince drove by I shinned up the rope and waved a flag from the very top. It wanted a bit of nerve, that did."

With which sentiment he proceeded to run up the long ladder like a cat runs up a garden wall. I judged as he went that he is not the man to come to any harm for want of a "bit of nerve."

A CENTURY ago the law of Maine obliged a husband to pay all the debts of his bride in case she brought him any property. As outer clothing was legal property which could be taken for debt, an unfortunate couple who were deeply in love resorted to the expedient of marrying while the bride was clad only in her night clothes.

MANY persons believe that the grouse has the great distinction of being the only bird which is exclusively British. But this is not "justice to Ireland," where grouse are found as well as in the predominant island.

THE Empress Dagmar of Russia and the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia are among the latest royalties to take lessons in cycling.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

FAMOUS ARTISTS AS GOOD SAMARITANS.

BY J. MATTHEWMAN.

On a cold and foggy evening of December, on the twenty-fourth of the said month, a tall old man hobbled slowly, with the help of his cane, along the Rue Mazarine. His clothing was much too scanty and thin to protect him against the biting north wind which was raging that evening, consisting, as it did, of thin summer trousers, an old threadbare redingote buttoned up to the chin, and an old broad-brimmed hat, with the brim turned down so as to hide his face as much as possible. His long white beard swept his breast and his hair fell upon his drooping shoulders. Under his arm he carried something which was wrapped up in a large check handkerchief.

He crossed the bridge and the Place du Carousel, reached the Palais-Royal, took a turn round the garden, and stopped several times. Then, as if the floods of light and the savory perfumes issuing from the restaurants were too much for him, he retreated with trembling knees, and finally found himself in the Cour des Fontaines. There he raised his head and saw the lights streaming from that hive of workers. He sheltered himself as well as he could behind the corner of the narrow passage which conducted into the busier street, placed his cane where he could easily reach it, removed the handkerchief and displayed a violin. He assured himself that it was properly tuned, folded the handkerchief in four and placed it under his chin, adjusted his violin upon it, and drew the bow across the strings. He produced such a sad, unmusical, discordant dirge that several boys who had gathered in front of him ran off at full speed, saying that such music was enough to make the devil himself appear on earth. A dog in the neighborhood joined in the concert, and the passers-by hurried along so as to get out of the sounds which were little in keeping with the season. The old man, discouraged, sat sadly down on the stone steps near him, placed his violin across his knees, and murmured: "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, I cannot play any more!" and a sob burst from his throat.

At that moment three young fellows were going through the narrow, dark passage at the end of which the old man was sitting. They were evidently in good spirits and were singing boisterously a comic song much in vogue. At first they did not notice the violinist. One of them stepped on his foot, another stumbled against him and knocked his hat off, while the third stood surprised on seeing a tall old man rise out of the shade.

"Pray excuse us, sir. Have we hurt you?"

"No," he answered, as he stooped painfully to pick up his hat; but one of the young men anticipated him, while another, eying the instrument, questioned:

"You are a musician?"

"I was once," sighed the poor man, and two big tears rolled down the deep furrows on his cheeks.

"What ails you? Are you ill? Can we do anything for you?"

The old man looked at his interrogators—then he held out his hat shamefacedly, saying: "Can't you help me with a little money? I can no longer make anything by playing the violin. My fingers are growing stiff; my daughter is dying of consumption and starvation."

There was a world of real suffering in the man's tones which moved the young roysterers. They put their hands in their pockets and put together all the money they had. The first had fifty centimes, the second thirty centimes and the third had nothing except a bit of resin. Total, sixteen sous to relieve so much misery. It was a mere nothing. They looked at each other pitifully.

"I'll tell you what," said he who had first questioned the old man, "we'll manage it yet. This old gentleman is a *confrère*. You, Adolphe, take hold of the violin and accompany Gustave, and I'll take the hat round."

No sooner said than done. The young men disguised themselves as much as possible by turning up the collars of their coats, ruffling their hair and pulling it over their eyes, and by crushing their hats down over their ears.

"Begin with your prize piece, Adolphe, until we get a crowd together."

Under the skillful fingers of the young virtuoso the violin sang joyously, and the Carnival of Venice broke out with a *brio* extraordinary. All the windows in the immediate vicinity were thrown open, the passers-by crowded round the violinist, and silver pieces fell thickly into the old man's hat, which was held prominently under the gas lamp. After a short pause the violin began anew—this time it was a prelude.

"Now it's your turn, Gustave," Charles commanded.

"The young man named sang "Come, gentle dame," with a beautiful, clear, superb tenor voice. The crowd, enraptured, demanded an encore. Contributions rained down and the crowd became thicker.

"Now, let's finish with the trio form 'William Tell.' Adolphe, old chap, while you are accompanying just throw in a few of your common low bass notes. I'll warble a little barytone just to give a genteel air to the thing. You, Gustave, my beautiful tenor, let's have some of your heavenly notes that would draw down roasted larks into your mouth."

The trio commenced, and the old man, who had till then remained motionless, not daring to believe his eyes or his ears, and fearing to awake to find that his senses had been playing him tricks, suddenly straightened up, his eye flashing, his face transfigured; and, seizing his cane, he began to beat time, with the air of a *maestro*. His influence upon the performers was so great that they seemed to be electrified, and they, in turn, produced the same effect upon their hearers, who not only applauded vigorously, but contributed very liberally as well.

Coins rained down from the open windows, and Charles had plenty to do in collecting those which fell outside of the hat.

The crowd dispersed slowly, and the players could not but overhear the remarks which were made:

"They are no more strolling musicians than you are. The more one hears of that music the more one wants to hear. One could never get tired of it. They must have done this for a wager. I should like to have seen their faces plainly."

The young men approached the old violinist, who was choked with emotion.

"What are your names," he murmured, "that my daughter may pray for you?"

The first said: "I am Faith."

"I am Hope," said the second.

"Then my name is Charity," added the third, as he placed the hat, which was full to overflowing, in the old man's hands.

"Well, you shall at least know whom you have so generously befriended. My name is Chappner. I am an Alsatian. For ten years I conducted the orchestra at Strasburg, and I had the honor to mount 'William Tell' there. Since I left my native country I have been the victim of one misfortune after another, and I am worn out with sickness and want. You have come to save my life. With this money I can get back to Strasburg where I am known and where I shall find those who will interest themselves on my behalf and on behalf of my daughter. Her native air will restore her. Your young talents, which you have so generously and so simply placed at the service of my misery, will be blessed. I prophesy that you will be great among the great."

"May it be so," said the young men, and arm in arm they continued their way.

If you are curious to know whether the prediction of old Chappner has been fulfilled, I may, by committing a gross indiscretion, reveal to you the names of the three pupils of the Conservatoire, whose modesty will certainly not be pleased that something which they have doubtless forgotten should be again be brought to light.

If they are displeased it cannot be helped; besides, if these lines should by any chance fall under the notice of the Alsatian he would doubtless be thankful to know to whom he was indebted, and to whom he owed his life.

The tenor was called Gustave Roger.
The violinist, Adolphe Hermann.
The collector, Charles Gounod.

AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD.

An English review recently printed the following ballad from the pen of the Spanish poet, Gil Vicente, with the two translations subjoined. The ballad was originally published in 1557, and of the translations one is by Longfellow and occurs in "The Spanish Student," and the other is by H. C. Thomson, of London. Longfellow's is a freer rendering of the original, but of course it surpasses the other in poetic treatment. Here are the original and the translations:

CANCION.

Si dormis, doncella
Dispertad y abrid,
Que venida es la hora,
Si quereis partir.
Si estais descalza
No cureis de os calzar.
Que muchas las aguas
Teneis de pasar.
Las aguas tan hondas
Del Guadalquivir.
Que venida es la hora
Si quereis partir.—Gil Vicente (1557).

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door.
'Tis the break of day, and we must away
O'er meadow and mount and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass
And waters wide and fleet.
"Spanish Student," act iii. scene vi.

Sleeping still, O my beloved?
Arise, unclose thy door;
The longed for hour has dawned at last,
Awake, sweet, sleep no more.

Come with thy naked feet, dear love,
O wait not for thy shoes;
We've waters wide and swift to cross,
And little time to lose.

We've Guadalquivir's waters deep
To cross ere morning break;
The longed-for hour has dawned at last,
Awake, dear love, awake.—H. C. Thomson.

For what Mr. Thackeray would call the "knee plush ultra" of foolish projects, commend me to the "round the world in a wheelbarrow" scheme of two Frenchmen, and the wife of one of them. They started lately from the Place de la Concorde, Paris, and, alternately wheeling each other, propose to traverse Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, Persia, and China to Canton, where they will embark for San Francisco, walk across the Continent to Buenos Ayres, and take passage thence for home. It is to be hoped for their own sakes that their courage will fail them before reaching the confines of China, for the animosity against "foreign devils" in the Celestial Land is likely to see in the arrival of the wheelbarrow party some fresh insult to their nation, and resent it accordingly.

Some delightfully naive proverbs and sayings have been recently translated from the Armenian by the Rev. G. Bayan. Among the best are: "If my heart be narrow, what avail to me if the world is large?" "Birds are caught with grains, and men with money." "That which costs nothing is good for nothing," has a familiar sound, but we have not heard the following: "Tears are a language; he only who weeps understands them"; "He who looks for a friend without a defect will never find one"; "As great and resplendent as the sun is, the little cloud which passes hides it from our eyes." We commend the quaint saying, "A good girl is worth seven boys," to all whom it may concern. It is a curious omission not to give the boys an epithet—good, bad, or indifferent.

IN HOSPITAL.

I was only a factory girl, crushed up in the wheels like a fly;
Brought into the accident ward to wrestle for life, or to die.
And I prayed for death as one prays for air. I dreaded each touch on the place
Till the coward fear at my heart died out, when I looked at the surgeon's face
For I saw that to him I was still a girl, not "only another case.")
There was reverence there for all womanhood, and tenderness too, when he smiled,
And the ring in his voice I shall never forget as he stooped and said "poor child."
The light, sure hand held some restful charm, and the thoughtful eyes were blue—
Blue with the clearness of the sky, as if a soul looked through.
They said he was kind to his patients, as gentle to one as another,
But I learnt as I watched, to the sick and the shamed he stood sworn as the elder brother.
The sick and the shamed! I had never before thought of the one or the other.
I was only a factory girl, but shy in my girlish pride,
Walking aloof from the common sort in scorn on the other side,
Till pain and weakness brought me here, flinging the barriers wide.
We all can judge if we like. Alas! can we never guess at the weight—
The bitter weight on those who have slipped beyond the innocent gate?
The world may throw stones by the law, and label each stone with a name;
Only the Master's tender voice still cancels the record of shame,
And only the friends of the Master, in the strength of a power from above,
Still kneeling, raise the saddest lives by the rungs of the ladder of love.
Knights of a mighty brotherhood all vowed to chivalry,
Luring shamed and outcast souls through the track of the shadow of pity,
Back to the foot of the golden stair from the depths of misery.
If I might found a healing school like one of ancient date,
With Ambroise Paré I would set this motto on the gate:
"I dressed the hurt, God healed it"; with a figure carved beneath
Of Luke, the loved physician, dethroning pain and death.
I am only a factory girl—my head is weak again;
I can but pray God bless the hand that lifts me past my pain.
The stars seem very near me, the lights of the wonderful city,
And I heard them call to each other to-night, "The lever of souls is pity."

* * * * * * * * * * *

A factory girl and scarce eighteen, pure as a lily and fair,
With the face of a child set beneath a crown—the crown of her golden hair,
And a look of love in the sleepless eyes, despite the suffering there,
All night Death's quiet angel, a shape of gentle peace—
The janitor of Hades, a sovereign of release—
With darkening eyes and pitiful drew near her resting-place,
Lower and lower circling, till, across the narrow space,
The movement of his silent wings threw a shadow on her face.
The early dawn was breaking at the ebbing of the night,
While passing souls all noiselessly floated toward the light.
The surgeon, waiting for a change, had pushed the casement wide,
And straying airs of dreamy wind sank by the bed and died,
When the angel turned on outstretched wings, then raised his hand and sighed.
For she looked *above* the Shadow-King with a sudden, eager smile—
As if she saw another face beyond his all the while.
Was it only the dawn of morning with the radiance which it brings,
Or could she see the risen Christ with "healing in his wings"?
The trembling lips were parted by a whispered prayer beneath:
"Not for my sake, not mine, dear Lord, I pray Thee banish Death,
But for the friend's whose tireless skill still fights to save my life;
He says that only God himself can crown the end of strife,
That Christ alone can bless the means which conquer Death and pain—
The Christ who brought the widow's son back to the home at Nain,
And gently touched the little maid, to raise her up again.
The Shadow-King is waiting, his face is fair to me,
And once I blindly longed for him, but now, O Lord, I see
That only cowards quit the field before the victory.
So, may I live a little while to work, dear Lord, for Thee?"

* * * * * * * * * * *

A touch most pure, most gentle, by healing power possessed—
A touch upon the wasted hand that lay upon her breast
Passed like a benediction of calm and perfect rest.
The wistful eyes closed dreamily, as if they strove to keep
Some vision: one of those which haunt the fair strange realm of sleep,
Some halcyon rescued after-time, far out upon the deep.
The surgeon, tireless in his watch, drew breath, then bowed his head,
For he *felt* another Presence was standing by the bed—
That Death had passed, and given place to the Lord of Life instead.

A sudden glory filled the room, while in a glittering tide,
Effacing all the shades of night, the silver curtain of the light
Fell, veiling every star from sight, and morning broke outside.
One deepening flood of opal fire lit all the adoring skies,
As clear and low and pitiful, from far-off centuries
An echo fell:
"*O little maid, I say to thee arise!*
Go, work for me on earth to-day, and next, in Paradise"
—Theodora Corrie.

The spider is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen three thousand four hundred and eighty yards of the thread—a length but little short of two miles. A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silkworm's product, and is of a beautiful golden color.

The climate of Australia has had a peculiar influence upon the fleece and fibre of merino wool, improving it in almost all particulars. The wool has been made softer and more elastic. If there has been any deterioration, it is in the density of the fleece; but this has been made good in a large degree by increased length of staple, so that there has been little or no loss in the weight of the fleece.

The great Antarctic continent is believed to extend over an area of eight million square miles, or twice the size of Europe.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity for the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

GENERAL GRANT AT WEST POINT,

BEING CHAPTER SECOND OF GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON'S BIOGRAPHY.

EVERY member of Congress has authority to appoint from among his constituents a cadet to the United States Military Academy, established at West Point, N. Y., in 1802. Thomas L. Hamer, the Representative from the Georgetown district, had appointed a son of Dr. Bailey, a neighbor of the Grants, but the boy had failed to pass the necessary preliminary examination. When, in 1838, Mr. Grant learned that young Bailey had been unsuccessful, he at once applied for the coveted position in behalf of his eldest son, and received a favorable reply. On arriving at home for the Christmas holidays from Ripley, where he was attending a winter school, he was informed by his father that he would probably receive the appointment. "But I won't go," said the boy. "I think you will," replied Mr. Grant; "and," added the General, when relating the incident in later life, "I thought so, too, if he did." At this time he appears to have had neither aversion nor love for a military career, his opposition to the appointment arising in part from his reluctance to risk the examination, fearing that he might be unable to pass and so perhaps bring disgrace on himself and his family, as Bartlett Bailey had done.

Without ambition or particular desire to do so, the boy made ready for his course at one of the most exacting of American educational institutions, where the number of failures are greater than in any university or college in the country. His unwillingness to enter on the proposed cause was somewhat modified by the thought that on the way to West Point he would pass through Philadelphia and New York, and be afforded an opportunity of viewing the wonders of Eastern civilization, for the backwoods boy was imbued with a passion for travel. At that period he had never seen a mountain, the ocean, or even a large lake, nor a city larger than Cincinnati, then containing less than forty thousand inhabitants. The appointment having been received, the youth's happy home life was now to come to an end, and a new and unknown field was to open to him with greater possibilities and responsibilities.

The necessary preparations having been completed, the young cadet of seventeen set out about the middle of May, 1839, by steamboat up the Ohio River to Pittsburg, a journey of three days; then over the Allegheny Mountains to Harrisburg, and from thence to Philadelphia by railroad, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, which the writer has heard Grant say he then considered very rapid traveling. The lad lingered five days in Philadelphia, visiting the principal places of interest, and a shorter period in New York, also devoted to sightseeing, and then sailed up the Hudson in the day-boat to West Point, where he presented himself to the military authorities on the third day of June. The Academy had grown somewhat from the "Corps of Cadets with two captains to teach them mathematics of 1802," but was still in embryo. Major Richard Delafield, a strict disciplinarian and of good executive ability, had only the year before succeeded Major René E. de Russy, also of the Engineer Corps. The late Academic building had but recently been erected. The Library and Observatory were not built until two years later. Three weeks before Grant's arrival Joel Poinsett, the Secretary of War, had issued an order transferring a sergeant and five dragoons from Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, to West Point to teach the cadets riding, and during his first year the sergeant was officially designated as the "Riding Master." Authority was conferred on the Superintendent to organize the artillery and cavalry arms of the service. The Academy was still under Congressional criticism. The charges that it "was a school of art," "had never produced a military genius, and never would," had not then been disproved by the war with Mexico, and the more important Civil War. During the same year, a bill was introduced in Congress to abolish the Military Academy—a bill which Cadet Grant earnestly hoped would pass, but which, most fortunately for the country, failed to become a law.

On his arrival he signed the official record, as seen in the accompanying fac-simile, Ulysses Hiram Grant,

Ulysses Hiram Grant

in accordance with the custom of all cadets who enter the Academy. The member of Congress who conferred the appointment called him by mistake Ulysses S. Grant; and as he failed to obtain a correction of the error from the authorities, the youth uncomplainingly accepted the new designation. An abridged signature of Ulysses H. Grant also appears on the same day in the West Point Hotel register. By a curious coincidence, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, who was Vice-President when Grant was our Chief Magistrate, was, until his twentieth year, known as Jeremiah Jones Colbaith, when he assumed the name by which he was afterward so well and widely known.*

A few days after entering the Military Academy the young cadet from Ohio wrote the following letter to his mother, which alike illustrates their characters: "I have occasionally been called to be separated from you; but never did I feel the full force and effect of this separation as I do now. I seem alone in the world without my mother. There have been so many ways in which you have advised me, when in the quiet of home I have been pursuing my studies, that you cannot tell how much I miss you. I was so often alone with you, and you so frequently spoke to me in private, that the solitude of my situation here at the Academy, among my silent books and in my lonely room, is all the more striking. It reminds me the more forcibly of home, and most of all, dear mother, of you. But in the midst of all this, your kind instructions and admonitions are ever present with me. I trust they may never be absent from me as long as I live. How often do I think of them! and how well they strengthen me in my good word and work! My dear mother, should I progress well with my studies at West Point, and become a soldier of my country, I am looking forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may make. I see now, in looking over the records here, how much American soldiers of the right stamp are indebted to good American mothers. When they go to the field what prayers go with them! What tender testimonials of affection and counsel are in their knapsacks! I am struck, in looking over the history of the noble struggle of our fathers for national independence, at the evidence of the good influence exerted upon them by the women of the Revolution. Ah! my beloved friend, how can the present generation ever repay the debt it owes the patriots of the past for the sacrifices they so freely made for us? We may well ask, Would our country be what it is now, if it had not been for the greatness of our patriotic ancestors?"

His second letter, also written in June, 1839, was addressed to his father. His words are so admirable and seemingly so prophetic, that it is a pleasure to present them on this page: "I am rendered serious by the impressions which crowd upon me here at West Point. My thoughts are frequently occupied with the hatred I am made to feel toward traitors to my country, as I look around me on the memorials that survive of the treason of Arnold. I am full of a conviction of scorn and contempt, which my young and inexperienced pen is unable to express in this letter, toward the conduct of any man who at any time could strike at the liberties of such a nation as ours. If ever man should be found in our Union base enough to make the attempt to do this—if, like Arnold, they should secretly seek to sell our national inheritance for the mess of pottage of wealth or power or section—West Point sternly reminds them of what you, my father, would have your son do. As I stand here in this national fort, a student of arms under our country's flag, I know full well how you would have me act in such an emergency. I trust my future conduct in such an hour would prove worthy the patriotic instructions you have given."

General William B. Franklin, who graduated at the head of the class of 1843, writes to the author: "Grant arrived at West Point on June 3, 1839, and I arrived there the day following. We were assigned to the same squad for drill, and to adjoining rooms in barracks with four other new cadets. Our experiences were the same as those of other new cadets at that time, and the only strange thing was that Grant and I used to be taken for each other by an officer to whom I had a letter of introduction, and I have heard from others that there was a strong likeness between us at that time.* When we began recitations we were in the same sections in studies for a month or six weeks and sat side by side. He was an honest student, but did not work for a high standing. He kept a place about the middle of the class during the whole course. He was much respected as a man of firmness, and one who, when he made up his mind, could not be swerved by any force from the course upon which he had decided. There were thirty-nine in the class, and upon one occasion—the election of managers for the summer amusements—we stood nineteen to nineteen, and the casting vote was in Grant's hands, as, not caring for amusements, he took little interest in the matter. I remember the conferences held and the diplomacy used to induce Grant to vote and to vote right, and what rejoicing there was when he decided to vote on our side. After his decision, the arguments of the other side (with which he was more closely allied than with us) were of no avail. These incidents are all insignificant enough. But fifty-six years have elapsed since they occurred, and I am surprised that I remember anything about them."

Dr. Henry Coppée (1821–1895), who was at West Point with Grant, described him as having been a plain, common-sense, straightforward youth, quiet, shunning notoriety, contented while others were grumbling, performing his duties in a perfunctory way, not prominent in the corps, but respected by all and beloved by his few friends. At the Academy nearly every cadet has his nickname, which was more generally used than that bestowed on him at baptism. Grant's was "Uncle Sam," in allusion to the initials of his name. "He was then and always an excellent horseman," continued Coppée; "his picture rises up before me as I write, in the old torn coat,† obsolescent leather gig-top, loose riding-pantaloons with spurs buckled over them, going with his clanking sabre to the dress-hall. He exhibited but little enthusiasm in anything; his best standing was in the mathematical branches, and their application to tactics and military engineering."

General James H. Stokes (1820–1894), a classmate from Maryland, said to the author a short time before his death: "No one could possibly be more surprised than myself at Grant's amazing success in the war. All of the 'smart' set thought the Western boy was 'countrified.' There was nothing bad about Grant, and I had no dislike at all for him, but I did not have much intercourse with him. He was not particularly tidy about his dress, and he even had a certain slouchy air about him that many of the class thought unsoldierly; but he never did anything positively offensive, and as he was always quiet and attended to his own affairs, we liked him well enough, but only in a negative way. As a rider he had no superior in the corps, or out of it."

Testimony as to the truth of this statement may be found in the following account of one of Grant's many feats of horsemanship related by General James B. Fry (1827–1894) who, in June, 1843, arrived at West Point as a candidate for admission to the Academy. Entering the riding-hall, where the members of the graduating class were being put through their final mounted exercises, he saw Major Delafield, the Board of Visitors, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The class all mounted and formed in line through the centre of the hall, and Hershberger, the riding master, placing the leaping bar at a height of six feet five inches, called out "Cadet Grant." A clean-faced, slender, blue-eyed young fellow, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, darted forward from the ranks on a powerfully built chestnut-sorrel horse, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the further end and came down the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace, and, measuring his strides for the great leap before him, bounded into the air, and cleared the bar, carrying his perfect rider as if man and beast had been welded together. The spectators were breathless! "Very well done, sir!" growled "old Hershberger." The class was dismissed and dispersed, but, concluded the General, "Cadet Grant remained a living image in my memory." It is the highest jump recorded in military annals, but has been frequently surpassed in civil life. A thoroughbred recently cleared a bar seven feet high in the Madison Square Garden of New York.

General Joseph J. Reynolds, of the class of 1843, writes: "Grant as a cadet was not specially noted in any respect. He was modest, unassuming, not disposed to assert himself; was outspoken, straightforward, candid and self-reliant; was companionable, given to no vices, was not at all inclined to be a leader among his classmates; while an all-round good fellow, he was devoid of extremes in any direction. He was not a hard student, though he neglected nothing; always held a safe place about the middle of the class, but was most proficient in the more difficult and practical studies—mathematics, mechanics and engineering—showing strong capacities under good control. He was an expert horseman and fond of exhibiting daring cavalry exercise, the remarkable ability as a leaper, of his favorite big sorrel horse 'York.' He disliked drills and parades, and did not hesitate to say so, caring nothing for military show."

In a recent letter to the writer General Longstreet says: "I have tried to recall something of Grant at West Point, but he was so diffident and retiring that no one outside of his class could learn much about him. We were at the Academy three years together, he being of the class next to my own, but I never saw him away from his immediate associates except occasionally when he would venture in a game of football. As he was not strong enough for a leading part, he made but little impression upon the players. After graduating we served in the same regiment for two years, but it was in monotonous camp life. We sometimes arose much distressed at having lost during the day seventy-five or eighty cents at five-cent poker or 'Jack Pot,' as it is now called."

Of his West Point career Grant himself said: "A military life had no charms for me, and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. Mathematics was easy to me, so that when January came I passed the examination, taking a good standing in that branch. In French, the only other study at that time in the first year's course, my standing was very low. In fact if the class had been turned the other end foremost I should have been near head. I never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of my class, in any one study, during the four years. I came near it in French, infantry and cavalry tactics, and conduct. During my first year's encampment General Scott (1786–1866) visited West Point, and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that I should occupy his place on review—although I had no intention then of remaining in the army."*

Grant's official record as furnished to the author by Colonel Oswald H. Ernst, Corps of Engineers, commanding the Military Academy, together with his comments, will be read with interest: "When the General reported here in June, 1839, for examination for admission he signed the Registry book as Ulysses Hiram Grant, but with this exception he is down on all the other records in this office as Ulysses Simpson Grant. The letter from the War Department dated May 1, 1839, giving the names of the candidates appointed for that year, records him as U. S. Grant, and his letter of appointment bore the name of Ulysses Simpson Grant. He held the rank of cadet sergeant from July 2, 1841, to June 17, 1842, and was a cadet private during the remainder of his course at the Academy. It appears from the accompanying table that, in general, he stood about the middle of his class throughout the course, being above the average in mathematical studies and below it in languages and deportment."

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT, OF OHIO.

ENTERED JULY 1, 1839, AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS AND TWO MONTHS; GRADUATED JUNE, 1843.

Fourth Class, June, 1840.
(90 members.)

General standing	27
Mathematics	16
French	49
Conduct	156
(Number graded, 223)	
Number of demerits	59

Third Class, June, 1841.
(82 members.)

General standing	24
Mathematics	10
French	44
Drawing	23
Ethics	46
Conduct	144
(Number graded, 232)	
Number of demerits	67

* Jules Grevy, a recent President of France, was neither Jules or Grevy, but Judith Fancois Paul Greviot; Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, was originally plain John Rowland, and Field Marshal Lord Clyde was another illustrious nineteenth century soldier who achieved fame under another name than the one bestowed on him at baptism. Before he was sixteen, Colin Macliver, the son of a Glasgow carpenter, who had married a Campbell, was presented by her brother, Col. John Campbell (who had placed his nephew in the Royal Military and Navy Academy at Gosport), to the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, who promised the lad a commission. Supposing him to be, as he said, "another of the clan," he put down his name as Colin Campbell, the name which he ever after bore. On leaving the Duke's presence with his uncle the young cadet made some comment on what he took to be a mistake on the Duke's part in regard to his surname, to which the shrewd Colonel replied by saying that "Campbell was a name which it would suit him very well, for professional reasons, to adopt."

* This is a surprising circumstance when it is remembered that Grant was but five feet eight inches in his mature years, while Franklin was considerably over six feet with perhaps the most erect and soldierly figure of any officer in our army. This distinction was, a few years after the close of the Civil War, claimed for Hancock "the Superb" by some of his friends, which led to a wager, the judges awarding the palm to Franklin.

† Riding-jackets had not at that time been introduced, and the cadets generally donned their shabbiest clothes to wear in the heat and dust of the riding-hall.

* Personal Memoirs, vol. 1, page 41.

Second Class, June, 1842.

(41 members.)

General standing	20
Philosophy	15
Chemistry	22
Drawing	19
Conduct	157
(Number graded ..... 217)	
Number of demerits	98

First Class, June, 1843.

(39 members.)

General standing	21
Engineering	16
Ethics	28
Infantry tactics	28
Artillery tactics	25
Mineralogy and geology	17
Conduct	156

In determining standing in "Conduct" the Corps of Cadets was considered as a whole, and each cadet was given his number in order of merit irrespective of class. The expression used above "Number graded," indicates the total strength of the Corps at that time.

(Number graded ..... 229)	
Number of demerits	66

A few months before graduation General James A. Hardie (1823–1876), of Grant's class, said to one of the instructors: "Well, sir, if a great emergency arises in this country during our lifetime, Sam Grant will be the man to meet it;" and another member of the same class, who stood second at graduation, the Rev. George Deshon, now a priest of the Paulist order, and, when a cadet, Grant's roommate, said in 1845, to Colonel Henry L. Kendrick (1811–1891), one of their professors, that Grant would some day prove to the Academic Board that he was the strongest man in his class. A third prediction was made by Bevie, a bugler at the time Grant was a cadet, a member of the band. He was married, and his wife attended to Cadet Grant's washing. Referring to his initials of U. S. he several times said: "Well, cadet, you will be President of the United States." "When I am," answered Grant, "you may remind me that I now promise to make you my secretary." The modest musician lived to see Grant our Chief Magistrate, but never reminded the President of his promise.

So far as can be learned from Grant's four surviving classmates, numbering thirty-nine when graduated, of the one hundred and more who had been appointed in 1839, he made the usual unauthorized expeditions to Benny Havens's saloon below Highland Falls, but never indulged in liquor of any kind, nor did he at that period smoke, or use tobacco in any other form. His frolics were all of an innocent character. One of these the General related the last time he dined with the writer. He said: "Late one evening Nat Lyon came to our room and said if we would cook it, he would go out and capture one of old Delafield's turkeys. As Deshon and myself assented, he set out, returning in less than half an hour with a fine fat turkey, which was immediately hung over our fire, for at that time they had open fireplaces with unlimited supplies of wood. While the turkey was revolving over the brisk fire, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Lyon* ran out and regained his room. Into our quarters presently entered Lieutenant Grier,† Deshon and myself standing with our backs to the fire to screen the turkey. The Lieutenant looked around, saw nothing, although the room was filled with the savory odor of roast turkey, said 'Good-night,' and passed out. I am inclined to believe that this act of kindness on the part of Grier in not reporting us," added Grant, gleefully, "may possibly have helped to secure his promotion during the late war."

In the office of the Secretary of War at Washington may be seen a framed document, entitled "Declaration against purchasing after certain date of John De Witt, Post Sutler," dated 15, April, 1843. It is signed by twenty members of the class of that year, including W. H. Van Bokkelen, S. C. French, William B. Franklin, Joseph J. Reynolds, Frederick T. Dent, John J. Peck, George Deshon, Rufus Ingalls and U. H. Grant, which would seem to indicate that the name by which he was baptized had not been, at that date, entirely abandoned. Of this interesting relic one of the three surviving signers sends the writer the following account: "We were at the date of this document within about sixty days of graduation, and of course feeling happy. It was then customary for the Superintendent to grant permission to the storekeepers to open an account with the class about to graduate. We had some misunderstanding with the storekeeper Mr. John De Witt, the precise nature of which I do not now recall, but it led to the Declaration referred to. This matter was suggested and managed by George Stevens of Vermont, who was drowned while crossing the Rio Grande, near Matamoras, May 18, 1846, as second lieutenant of the Second Dragoons. It seems that he preserved the original, and it was found among his effects that were sent to his family after his decease. A few years since it was given to the War Department by a brother of our classmate. The paper was passed around for signatures when we were finishing fortification drawings, which will explain why many names were made in various colors of paint and with brush instead of pen; others were signed afterward with pen or pencil. The transaction was simply a freak of a set of youngsters who, conscious of the near approach of release from Academic restrictions, 'felt their oats.' There was nothing serious in the misunderstanding that brought about the 'Declaration,' and I am not by any means sure that we stuck to it to the day of graduation. On that point my memory is not distinct. The document is brought into prominence merely because it bears the name of Grant, but his connection with it was simply the same as that of his thirty odd classmates. You will observe that it is signed U. H., not U. S. Grant. It is proper I should add that John De Witt was held in high esteem by us all, and that his family are most kindly remembered by those who were then cadets for many social courtesies. Two of his daughters married army officers."

The most successful students at the Military Academy are not infrequently outstripped in later life by their slower and less showy comrades. What was the West Point standing of many of our most illustrious soldiers, several of whom may safely be included among the Great Commanders of our nearly completed century? Grant was graduated, as has been already stated, number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine; Sherman, number six among forty-two graduates; Sheridan, number thirty-four in a class of fifty-two; the noble Virginian, Thomas, number twelve among forty-two classmates; Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, that decisive battle of the war, number nineteen in a class of fifty-six; heroic Hooker, twenty-nine among fifty comrades; Sedgwick, twenty-four in a company of fifty, and gallant Hancock, number eighteen among twenty-five graduates. From these examples, that might be indefinitely extended among the thirty-five hundred graduates of the United States Military Academy, it will be seen that most of those mentioned, who won renown on many a doubtful day, approximated more closely to the foot than to the head of their classes. Of course it has occasionally happened that the honor men, like Halleck and McClellan of the Armies of the North, and like the Confederate leaders, Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee, all of the Engineer Corps, attained to high command; but more generally fortune has favored the less brilliant cadets of the Academy.

Grant left West Point in June, 1843, as brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry; then, as afterward to the close of his career, a character which, in the words of a friend, "betrayed no trust, falsified no word, violated no rights, manifested no tyranny, sought no personal aggrandizement, complained of no hardship, displayed no jealousy, oppressed no subordinate; but in whatever sphere protected every interest, upheld his flag, and was ever known by his humanity, sagacity, courage and honor." What more can be claimed for any young American? What for the greatest of American Commanders?

NEW YORK, *November*, 1895.

* Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, of the class of 1841, was born in Ashford, Conn., July 14, 1818, and was killed in battle near Wilson's Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861.

† Gen. William N. Grier, of the class of 1835, was born in Northumberland, Pa., July 11, 1812, and died in California, July 8, 1885, but a fortnight before Grant.

THE hop is said to have been imported into England from Flanders in the time of the Merry Monarch.

A LADY MAKES MONEY.

MR. EDITOR—I am always interested in reading of the success of others and will tell of mine. I tried school teaching, clerking and sewing, all hard work for small pay. I met a lady making $15 a week selling National Dish-Washer—best made. I ordered half-dozen, washed mother's dinner dishes in two minutes, sold all first afternoon; profit $12. The next week I made $37, in a month $143; I am a good talker. I buy of the World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.; they are very kind to me; they manufacture aluminum and electric goods, many new, rapid selling articles for agents. Others can do as I have by writing them. CORA MILTON.

YALE FOOTBALL TEAM AT PRACTICE.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB

REQUESTS are already being received for suggestions in regard to entertainments. One mother, who is helping her young daughter, would like hints for the little ones. Other letters read: "Please tell us what we shall do now that we have organized." Who has some new and practical ideas they would like to share with all the club members? I would be glad to hear from any one in relation to this subject. The organizer of one club writes that they have decided to have music and recitations every week. These are always good features, and admit of great variety.

Among other thoughts that may be suggested is the announcing, one week, the name of some prominent person about whom every member of the club shall be requested to bring at least one item of information for the next meeting. All will, I think, be surprised at the interest so simple a matter will induce. As the present is a Napoleonic year, there is probably hardly a child who has not read in some paper or magazine something concerning the French conqueror; all should, therefore, be able to relate either a simple anecdote, or the particulars of some occurrence in the great man's life. It will be well to conduct this in as informal a manner as possible, remembering always that the president permits but one member to occupy the floor at a time, and of course well-bred people carry the courtesies of life wherever they go and into whatever they do. If, at the close, there is any member of the club capable of summarizing the whole in brief language, a real story, and a very interesting one, can be related.

An excellent character to consider among the first is that of George Washington, whose memory we all love and revere. He fought not for love of glory, and not for personal aggrandizement, or to wrest their just possessions from weaker nations, but for love of country, for right and for justice. A nice little lesson on patriotism, with real enthusiasm for dear "Old Glory" with her stars and stripes, should grow from this. I wish it were in my power to show every girl and boy in America what a grand thing love of country is, and how our flag should be honored! It is not simply a piece of gayly colored cloth—bunting or silk—that floats gracefully from tall buildings and from flag-staffs. It is the emblem of liberty, of protection, of self-respect, of strength, of union, and of intelligence. Don't play with it and let it fall on the floor or in the street. Honor and exalt it.

Christmas is close at hand, and as even the youngest members of our clubs can use their willing little hands in useful ways, all would delight in fashioning a pretty gift for some one whom they love. The little ones would, I am certain, enjoy nothing better than to give a half-hour or so of the time just at this season of the year, to making a Christmas surprise and a Christmas love token. Many new and helpful ideas will be gained as the Christmas gifts are compared and chatted about.

An interesting game for the older ones is called "Character Medley." Every one is provided with paper and pencil, and requested to write a personal description. This description may be of the writer, of some one he knows, or it may be entirely an ideal description. The paper should then be folded over, so that what has been written cannot be read or seen, and all the papers exchanged. This may be done by each one passing the paper she has written to the one at her right, or by two who are sitting side by side exchanging theirs. The party then holding the papers should write what is his aim in life. This may be a real or a fancied aim. The papers are again folded and are then passed to a third party, who should write what he or she desires most of all at that present time. Each paper should then be unfolded and read aloud. You may be confident that some will prove very mirth-provoking. For instance:

I am a young man, twenty-seven years of age, five feet ten inches in height, weigh about one hundred and forty-two pounds. I have blue eyes, light curly hair, and a very striking mustache.

My highest aspiration is to be a leader in society.

And what I most of all desire at the present time is a piece of pumpkin pie.

Again:

I am a young girl, seventeen years of age, with dark hair, gray eyes and rosy cheeks. I am five feet two inches in height, and weigh about one hundred and ten pounds.

My highest aspiration is to be President of the United States.

And what I most of all desire at the present time is to have my pencil pointed.

The game, you see, belongs to the class that some one has designated as just "nonsense games." But long, long ago, a very bright writer told us that "A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men." Who will find out the name of the author of that quotation? And, after all, any game that helps us to think, or that exercises our descriptive powers, is not *all* "nonsense," even if it does induce merry laughter.

Some very excellent suggestions have been made by one of our clubs. Evidently those boys knew just exactly what I would like, for they have sent the nicest report of their meeting—a copy of the minutes—and supplemented it by a little further information. How much I should enjoy it if every club would do the same. Below are extracts from the letter:

NEW YORK, Nov. 13, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—It was resolved at the last meeting that we should send you a report of the minutes of the previous meeting. * * * * * Some happy thoughts were delivered, one by Mr. Lipschitz, to keep the clothes neat, another by Mr. A. Brody, to have hair combed; by L. Klein, to have shoes shined, and others. A motion was made and seconded that every member should say a quotation; they were all worthy of mention. * * * * *

We are glad to tell you that our treasury has twenty-five cents, and we hope to increase it regularly. The dues which are paid at every meeting are two cents. New members are coming in, and we hope pretty soon to have all the boys in the neighborhood in the organization.

B. INDORSKY, *President.*
M. KLEIN, *Secretary.*

That club has thoughtful, practical boys among its members—boys who know what are some of the things they ought to do that it is easy to forget or neglect, and they are trying in a good way to help themselves. Wouldn't it be nice to have our Happy Thought boys known everywhere by their neat, tidy appearance as well as by their badges? Repeating quotations is an excellent idea. When my grandma was over ninety, she used frequently, at the twilight hour, to repeat long extracts from poems she had learned when a girl, and she was always ready with apt quotations in general conversation.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., *Nov.* 5, 1895.

TO THE EDITOR:

I received COLLIER'S WEEKLY November 4, 1895, at 2 P.M. I organized my club this afternoon, and the following have decided to join the Happy Thought Club: Minnie Brown, Bessie Brown, Annie Brown, Lucy Bunch, Kathleen Bunch, Esther Cook, Sadie Cook, Nellie Daniel, Gertrude Daniel, Maggie Daniel, Maude Dobson, Nina Dobson, Nellie Hackworth, Rosa Hackworth, Kittie Hackworth (15). The officers elected were the following: Minnie Brown, president; Gertrude Daniel, 1st vice-president; Nellie Hackworth, 2d vice-president; Mamie Bunch, secretary; Nellie Daniel, assistant secretary; Lucy Bunch, treasurer; Maude Dobson, sergeant-at-arms. The committee of three appointed, were: Annie Dobson, chairman; Kittie Hackworth, Esther Cook. If there are any corrections to be made, address Mamie Bunch, 406 Walnut St., Knoxville, Tenn. I may have more members later, but now I have only those mentioned.

Very respectfully,
MAMIE BUNCH.

I think that fifteen is a very good number to organize with. Few have done better, and I feel that too earnest and hearty commendation can hardly be given those girls or boys who in so short a space of time gather into a club so many of their young friends. No corrections seem necessary, Mamie; but it is pleasant to find a girl so anxious to be right that she invites criticism. I wish every one understood, as you seem to, that the office of true criticism is a kindly and a helpful one. Fault-finding and severity are very far removed from it.

OUR BANNER CLUB.

MILWAUKEE, *Nov.* 7.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—I am yet all excited about your surprise that I have seen in your paper (COLLIER'S WEEKLY) Nov. 4. I just hated to go to school in the morning, for I wanted to be the first one to see the paper and what a surprise you would have in it. But I went to school and was always on pins and needles for teacher to ring the bell so I could go home and look at the paper. When I got home the first thing was to take the paper and read it over. I read it, but could not understand all of it, so I waited until my brother came home from work and he explained it to me. So I quickly ate my dinner and ran to school to ask the boys to join the club. I asked sixteen boys and only one refused, so I already had fifteen members. And when I came home from school I started right out again and found four more members, so I already had nineteen boys. When I came home and told my brother of my success, he told me that if we would behave ourselves we could have our meetings in their club rooms. They have started up the big Dramatic Club of Milwaukee. When I told the boys and girls that they were so glad, and could not wait until the first meeting last evening; and every one of the boys and girls were there, and each brought along ten cents as the initiation fee, and five cents as we agreed to pay weekly. The meeting was called, and the first thing we did was to elect officers, and they elected me as president, for they thought my brother could help me out; Washington Weber as vice-president, Ella Feierday as second vice-president, Eddie Flasch as secretary, Frank Weber as assistant secretary, May Grenlich as treasurer and Aug. Luetget as assistant treasurer. And we had so much to speak about the Happy Thoughts we were going to have in our club. We then asked my brother if we would have to pay anything for the club rooms, but his answer was, "If you boys and girls will behave yourselves and want to start a nice Happy Thought Club, and don't break anything, you can have the club rooms free." So I promised him if we or I would win any of your prizes, I would give it to him. So I hope I will win something so they will have a remembrance of COLLIER'S WEEKLY in their club. For when my brother gets your paper he brings it right over in the club rooms. We received this paper Nov. 4, at 11 o'clock A.M., and I sent you this letter Nov. 7, at 5 o'clock. I have hurried as much as possible, and think there aren't many boys ahead of me. My brother also promised us that if we didn't know how to get everything in good order, he would help us same as Mrs. Nelliby helped Joey. And I think in about a week we will be just as happy over our Happy Thought Club as Joey was, for I think a club like this is a happy thought in itself.

Yours truly,
JOEY FRANGENBERG,
Brunk's Lane,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Bless your dear heart, Joey! You are just the kind of boy America needs! Wide awake, in earnest, and doing all you can and as quickly as you can. Welcome to the club for your own sake, and welcome as a namesake of Joey Nelliby, of whom you will always remind us. What a blessing and help is an older brother like yours! I wish you would thank him for me, as well as for your own club, for what he has so kindly done. What helps one Happy Thought Club helps us all in some degree, if we can only know about it. At present your club is a little ahead of any other reported, both as regards the number of organizing members and the amount in the treasury. How much real, earnest, helpful work it should accomplish! We will have to call it our BANNER CLUB until some other does better, and so wins the title. I think you deserved to have been elected president, and, with the help of your brother, I do not doubt you will be able to preside judiciously. With such a fine club room, and as the recipients of so much kindness, of course the members of your Happy Thought Club will feel doubly upon their honor to "behave." *I* wish that every girl and boy who organizes a club could have a prize. I would be even happier about it than they.

511 E. WATER ST., WARREN, PA., *Nov.* 11, 1895.

DEAR SIR—I, Lillian Ungerer, have organized a Happy Thought Club, though I do not expect to get a prize. Your paper reached our house Monday, Nov. 4, but I did not see it until last Friday; but I asked some of my friends to meet and organize a club. Officers were elected, etc., and we all passed a pleasant evening. All think the H. T. C. a very nice club indeed. There are only six of us, but more are being invited to join.

Yours truly,
LILLIAN UNGERER.

I very much appreciate the disposition you have shown in organizing a club when you did not expect a prize. Probably a good many boys and girls saw the offer at a date so late it seemed improbable they could win a prize, and so they have done nothing about it. But it is not too late for them to follow your good example, and have all the pleasures that being the organizer of such a club will give even if they do not win a prize.

NILES, OHIO, *Nov.* 11, 1895.

DEAR SIR—I have a Happy Thought Club started in Niles, Ohio, and think it will be a success. I have a very pretty lodge room. I would like to have the badges and the charter for our room and boys. I hope they will devote a little space of the WEEKLY to it every week.

Yours truly,
C. E. COLLINGS.

Welcome, every Happy Thought Club. I have a warm greeting for all. But you did not state how many members are in the club. I am always glad to know the names of every one.

858 ISABELLA ST., OAKLAND, CAL.
Nov. 8, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—I have organized a club in Oakland consisting of sixteen members, with the promise of more to join. Each and all are loud in praise of the Happy Thought Club. They range in age from twelve years to fifteen. We all have jolly times. We boys and girls used to disagree ever so much; now we begin to think it is more agreeable to agree as we have ever so much better times. I am a boy of twelve, and I only wish I had seen the notice about the club before, but I started in right away. The members are: Loretta Sterns, Bernice Gordon, Vera Wagner, Helen Wagner, Edna Matthiesen, Julia Sterns, George Sterns, Johnny Matthiesen, Dace Matthiesen, Edward Wrights, Anson Wrights, Louis Thompson, George Thompson, Forest Behm, Fred Wright, George Stubbs (16), with the promise of about ten more at our next meeting. One boy's father thought we were up to mischief and just wanted to run out at night, and thought he had better have his boys stay home; but when he saw how earnest we were he thought his boys were just as well off to be at the club rooms nights as at home; but, then, we expected a little opposition at first, because we are like all the boys—not perfect, but willing to improve—and I just think that the H. T. C. is going to do it. I wish my club would be the first. We started in for improvement from the start, and we intend to keep right on to the very end. I wish we could find out if there are any more clubs in Oakland or on the coast; if so, I would like to hear from them. Waiting to hear from you, the club joins with me in wishing you many thanks for your interest in boys and girls.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE H. STUBBS.

For a boy of twelve you have already learned one very important lesson. You *can* have better times by agreeing, and how earnestly I wish that all over the world every one—old and young—would realize the truth of your remark. We should all try to have so many happy thoughts that there can be no room for disagreements to creep in. I believe that the most careful fathers, when they really understand about the Happy Thought Clubs, will be only too glad to have their boys join. No, I don't suppose that in all our long list of members, we have one perfect boy, and I am not sure that we should know just what to do with him if we had. But boys who want to do right, and who are trying to improve, are the right kind of boys to grow into good and useful men. My first thought after reading your letter was: "Well, so long as America has boys like those who write to me, I shall not worry any more about the country. It will be safe in their hands. No other club has as yet reported from your city. Many thanks for the kind wishes your club expresses.

It would give me much pleasure if more of the club members would write all they know about our emblems, and what they suppose to have been the reason why the pansy and sweet sultan, instead of other flowers, were chosen. I am sure that a good many of our wide-awake girls and boys must have questioned why it was. It seems to me that if I could see and talk with you, there is hardly a girl or boy but what could tell me something of interest about them. If you will only try to write what you know, I do not think you will find the task so difficult. It may also be easier to write the song than you suppose. Perhaps you feel too timid to try; but it would be ever so nice if we could have a *collection* of songs, don't you think so? If each girl and boy would try to write just one cheery little verse it would be a real help, and would be something done, even if the prize was not won.

ITEMS OF IMPORTANCE TO REMEMBER.—When ordering a charter, always send the names of all organizing members, in order that they may be engrossed upon it. Those who formed clubs with an insufficient number of members or officers will please report promptly the date on which the organization was completed, and by the addition of how many members and what officers. Some who have reported the organization of clubs have neglected to state the date on which the paper was received, and the date on which the club was formed. Will all such please write again *at once*, and supply the omission? I would also like the name of every member.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES OFFERED BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

First Prize.

A GOLD PENCIL AND SIR WALTER SCOTT'S POEMS. This edition of Scott is in four Royal Octavo Volumes, beautifully and substantially bound in English cloth.

Second Prize.

A SMALL SILVER WATCH—the neatest kind of a present for a boy or girl.

Third Prize.

IRVING'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS—"Rip Van Winkle," the Moorish Tales, all about the glorious Alhambra, Christopher Columbus, Queen Isabella. Boys and Girls always read Irving's books with delight. These are six beautiful volumes.

Fourth Prize.

"LIBRARY OF STANDARD AUTHORS," is in three splendid cloth-bound volumes—2,000 pages, 1,000 illustrations; they contain "Don Quixote," "Handy Andy," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Collegians," and other delightful stories and sketches.

Fifth Prize.

"THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD," in two beautiful volumes, is always nice reading. You may take it up any time, and find out about all the great men and women of your own and foreign countries, and about all the great events that have happened since the Creation.

Sixth Prize.

"LIFE OF NAPOLEON," in three volumes, cloth-bound. Boys and Girls like to read of the Great Napoleon. They will find the truth about him in these volumes, for all the untrue things said about him in other books have been exposed, and are not to be found in this work.

Seventh Prize.

IRVING'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON," is in three volumes. It tells about the Great Commander from the time he was a boy until his death; how he led our armies to victory, became our First President, and died at his Virginia Home after having earned the affection of all who love the name of America.

Eighth Prize.

"CAPITALS OF THE GLOBE," tells about all the great cities of the earth. The volume has marble edges and is very beautiful. It has 300 pictures of famous places throughout the world.

Ninth Prize.

"EVENINGS AT HOME," tells how to make evenings pleasant with games and amusements of the jolliest kind.

Tenth Prize.

A DOUBLE EASELED FLAT ALBUM. It is a beauty and no mistake—all covered with plush.

A CURIOUS taste prevails in many parts of the world for clay. It is eaten in all the countries of the torrid zone, but the practice is also observed in the north, and the country people in the most remote parts of Sweden are said to annually eat hundreds of tons of it, while in Finland a kind of earth is occasionally mixed with the bread.

AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare;
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE PASSING OF THE GOVERNMENT BANK.

AT the Chamber of Commerce Banquet in this city, November 19, public concerns were discussed with unusual lucidity. Most important was the speech of Secretary Carlisle on the currency. The address was a model of composition and may be easily summarized. Under Secretary Carlisle's plan, all legal-tender notes that are redeemable in or exchangeable for gold must be canceled and retired from circulation as fast as gold is paid out for them. Under the law as it is at present $162,315,400 in interest-bearing bonds have been issued to obtain gold to replace what has been drained out of the Treasury by this presentation of legal-tender notes during the last two years; and the notes that have done this draining are still at large to repeat the process whenever gold is demanded on them for export abroad or hoarding at home. The bare statement of this process seems enough to condemn it.

The arguments of the Secretary of the Treasury against the Government's doing a banking business are the usual arguments used in this connection: The Federal Government has power to borrow money and issue evidences of the debt, to coin money and regulate its value, to collect and disburse funds for public purposes, and to do the other business specified in the Constitution or that may be, under the Constitution, delegated to it. At present the Government is doing that which no other Government in the world is required to do—namely, furnishing gold out of its Treasury to discharge the private obligations of its citizens—an imposition upon the Government growing out of the attempt to provide a circulating medium consisting of Government notes. It would be impossible to state the financial policy of the present Administration more clearly than Secretary Carlisle has done it in this latest public utterance.

He does not, of course, indicate what legislation the Administration will recommend, but that legislation must be based upon the contention that the Government must give up banking. Let us endeavor to forecast it, on that basis. The present limit of United States notes is $346,681,000, and there are outstanding about $140,000,000 of Treasury notes, or $486,681,000 in all. If the rate of gold drainage for the past two years ($162,315,400) were maintained, all of these legal-tender notes would be presented and paid off—and, under the Administration plan, canceled and withdrawn from circulation—in six years. To get the gold for this cancellation of notes, an issue of bonds of equal amount would be added to the interest-bearing debt of the nation.

Now, we are ready for the next step. What shall it be? The Government has gone out of the banking business, and has no other connection with it than every solvent business enterprise has, in paying interest on its bonds, redeeming them at maturity, or buying them up at the exchanges when funds are available, to save interest charges. All banking must be done now by Banks. When balances of trade are against this country and its commerce, the Banks can buy needed gold with some of their dividends. But, it is more than likely that the notes of these Banks of issue will be good as gold everywhere in the world. The people—even the statesmen—will have nothing to do with the Money Question, except to get what they can of it, and then take care of it.

These Banks will be solid concerns? Certainly. In the first place, a Bank that will stand up among other Banks, on this plan, when the financiers of the world are managing the finances thereof, must be a very good Bank whose note of issue no sane man would refuse. Secretary Carlisle does not tell us whether the Banks he contemplates are to take up our National Debt and make it the basis of their circulation—as is done under our National Banking system at present. Probably they will. In that case, the way to make the new Banks a perpetual institution is to fund the entire National Debt in consols that the Government need never redeem, except to enter the open market and buy them up to save interest charges to the people. If this is done, and the gold difficulty is withdrawn, this country may supplant Great Britain as the banking house of the world.

EUREKA.

ST. REGIS HOUSE.

FOUR years ago St. Regis House, the first American convent of the Society of Our Lady of the Cenacle, was opened in New York. This society is a Catholic religious order of French origin, established for the purpose of furnishing to women the opportunity of making spiritual retreats. On the twenty-first of November, 1892, Archbishop Corrigan celebrated the first mass in the temporary chapel of the order, four nuns, under the superiorship of Mère de Grimaldi, having arrived in July from the mother-house in France. In June, 1894, the little community, the ranks of which had in the meantime been considerably augmented, moved into its permanent home at One Hundred and Fortieth Street and Hudson River.

In the village of La Louvese, in Vivarais, France, this order was born. Its founder, Marie Victoire Thérèse Couderc, was a native of the village, having been born in 1805, and there, under the shadow of the tomb of St. Francis Regis, the patron of the order, the first community found its home. Associated with Mère Couderc in the organization of the society was Pere Terme, who is looked upon as the father of the order, and who at his death confided it to the care of the Jesuits. A year later, in 1835, Père Fouillot, S.J., visited the obscure convent and sketched for the institute the first plan of its constitution and rules, modeled on the constitution of the Jesuits. On the eleventh of May, 1836, Monseigneur Bonnel, Bishop of Viviers, accorded his approbation to the institute, under the title of the Ladies of the Retreat. This approbation was confirmed in 1844 by Monseigneur Guibert on his succession to the bishopric, and later the apostolic blessing of Pope Gregory XVI. was bestowed on the society. Not until 1846 was the title of "Our Lady of the Cenacle" or "Retreat" formally approved by Pope Pius IX., and proclaimed later in Rome, by Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar-General, and representative of Pope Leo XIII.

In 1845 the second house of the order was established, and four years later the work was carried to Paris where a third convent was opened, this establishment becoming, in 1856, the mother-house. In March, 1870, the decree of approbation was bestowed by Pius IX. on the society under the government of a superior general. Other houses of the order sprang up at intervals throughout France, and even in the Eternal City, so that to-day there are fourteen branches in France, three in Italy, one in England and one in New York. The first general retreat in the Cenacle of America was given in February, 1893.

The present home of the order in New York is charmingly situated on the banks of the Hudson. Above the entrance to the grounds is inscribed the name of St. Regis and in the marble hall of the convent his statue first greets the visitor. At the right, double doors open into the little chapel with its latticed screen separating the choir from the *retraitantes*. The garden, with its flights of stone steps, its conservatory and its flower-beds, descends to the railroad tracks. Before it sweeps the restless Hudson, its opposite shore dotted with little white houses gleaming among the dark clusters of trees, and further on the ever-changing lights and shadows on the slopes of the Palisades. It is removed from the noise and turmoil of the city—an ideal spot for a retreat, redolent with the atmosphere of peace and rest.

BAD AIR AND ILL HEALTH.

EXERCISE as well as pure air helps us in our constant struggle against the poisons that we manufacture within ourselves. It does this by driving the blood charged with oxygen, by means of the pressure of the muscles called into play, more thoroughly through the tissue; and thus it would quicken the breaking down of dead tissue into its safe and final waste products (water, carbonic acid, and urea), and shorten the period during which the dead tissue was passing through various dangerous forms which it temporarily assumes. From this fact we may infer that the man of sedentary life, above all others, requires pure air. In truth, pure air and exercise are equal forces acting in the same direction. They both get rid of waste, and with it of the poisons in the system which are depressing various organs.

We could wish that it were possible to write the whole of the noble story of oxygen from a physiological point of view. It is a double service that it performs for us. It not only, as we have seen, neutralizes the deadly poisons resulting from waste, but it provides the heat and energy, by the oxidizing or burning up of this waste. All through animal life the consumption of oxygen, serving this double purpose, is the measure of activity. Just as reptiles and cold-blooded creatures consume small amounts of oxygen and develop little activity, so birds and insects consume immense quantities of oxygen, and develop immense activity. In the same way a man awake consumes more oxygen than a sleeping man, a young man more than an old man, a young child more than a young man. The restless activity of children marks both their great consumption of oxygen and their pressing need for it, by being allowed to breathe abundance of pure air. Rapid and extensive waste is going on in every child's body. Tissue of every kind, including bone, is being constantly broken down in order that it may be built up anew on a larger scale, and it is therefore the greatest cruelty in their case not to provide them in fullest measure with the purest air. Unhappily, very little thought is given to this matter with quite young children, whose need is the greatest of all. Our nurseries are only too often mere slaughter-houses. Mothers of all classes should try to see the meaning of the fact that out of four deaths of infants one takes place from lung collapse, a state that often follows bronchial inflammation.

Those who live in foul air are not only lowering their health, but are carefully preparing themselves both for lung and bronchial affections, and also for such diseases as scarlet fever, typhoid, small-pox, diphtheria, dysentery and cholera.

Very grave issues are dependent upon the question of pure air in our houses. Not only liability to cold, but gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, some forms of headache, and many forms of nervous irritation are to be conquered by constantly giving the lungs and skin a fair chance of getting rid of their poisons. Therefore, we say to everybody: Live as much as you can with open windows, wearing whatever extra clothes are necessary. If you cannot bear an open window, even with an extra coat and a rug over your knees, the best thing is to throw the windows wide open, not a few inches, whenever you leave the room. Pay especial attention to the constant exposure to pure air both in clothes and bedding. Avoid chill, that is one form of poisoning; avoid impure air, that is another, and much more insidious form of poisoning.

For he who thinks to stand alone,
Alone shall surely fall—
Our very woes are not our own,
But held in trust for all.

The bitter tears that secret flow
In solitary pain,
May freshen other lives, although
Our barren hopes can never know
Their fertilizing rain;

And we who work, and we who weep,
Nor weep, nor work, in vain,
If other hands our harvest reap,
And other hearts with joy shall leap
To garner up our grain.

—WHYTE-MELVILLE.

GEMS FROM THE PROSE OF JAMES R. LOWELL.

FORTUNE likes fine names.

Misfortune makes a shallow mind skeptical.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.

It is a sad discovery that History is so mainly made by ignoble men.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.

Solid success must be based on solid qualities and the honest culture of them.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives *himself* for a principle.

In the parliament of the present every man represents a constituency of the past.

It is the bit of truth in every slander, the hint of likeness in every caricature, that makes us smart.

Comparative criticism teaches us that moral and æsthetic defects are more nearly related than is commonly supposed.

Surely it is easier to embody fine thinking, or delicate sentiment, or lofty aspiration, in a book than in a life.

It is only a great mind or a strong character that knows how to respect its own provincialism, and can dare to be in fashion with itself.

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weather is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.

Let us be thankful that in every man's life there is a holiday of romance, an illumination of the senses by the soul that makes him a poet while it lasts.

"THE Dean and Chapter of Ripon," says London *Truth*, "showed an amazing degree of deference to the convenience of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of H.R.H.'s visit to the town on leaving Newby Hall. The Prince being desirous of inspecting the Cathedral before he took the train from Ripon station, the usual morning service was suspended; and in its place the Prince received in the Cathedral the Dean and Chapter and the Mayor and Corporation, the latter of whom appeared upon the scene on the Prince of Wales's own invitation in order to pay their respects to him. It is written, 'My house shall be called the house of prayer . . . .' It is said that the German Emperor was the other day superintending behind the scenes the production of an opera, with a cigarette in his mouth, when one of the officials of the theatre pointed out to him that smoking was forbidden, to which the Kaiser replied that, of course, he was bound by the rules of the establishment. I wonder what would have happened if the Dean of Ripon had pointed out, when H.R.H. suggested this reception in the Cathedral, that 11 A.M. was the hour of Divine Service. It would seem that the rules of a theatre stand on a different footing from those of a church when royalty is concerned."

THE thimble was originally called a thum-bell, because worn on the thumb, then a thumble, and then a thimble. It was a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England in 1695.

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WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

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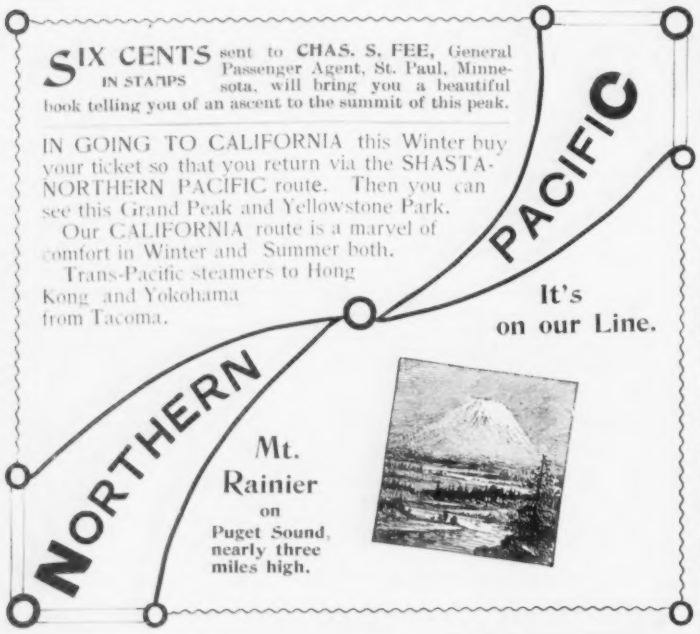

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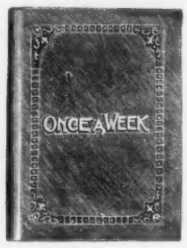

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